Mr. Nixon's Priorities *The Editors*

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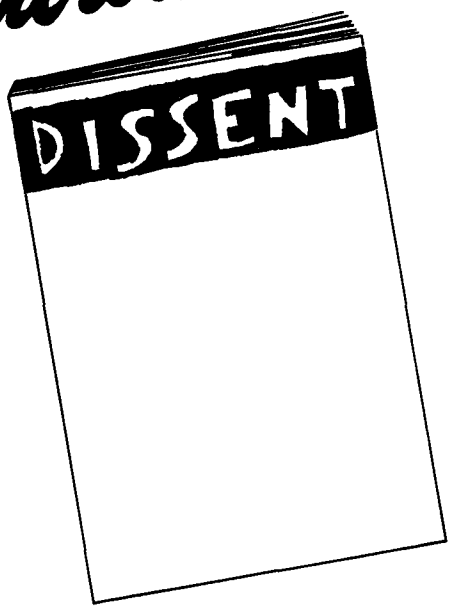

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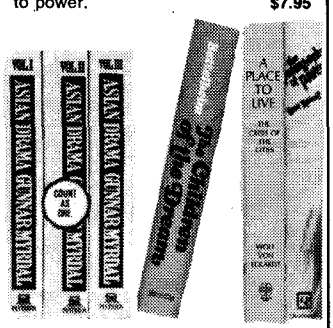

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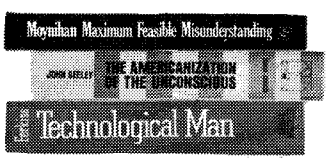

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TRB

from Washington

Warren Court

Any day now Mr. Nixon will send Congress the name of the new Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. In the long run this is more important than almost anything, more important than the shocking loss of the EC-121, for example. The Warren Court wet-nursed a social revolution; now Mr. Nixon is going to replace it. He will probably have four appointments.

Chief Justice Warren quits in June, the replacement will presumably go before the Senate for confirmation in May. Justice Black is 83; Justice Douglas, 70, has an electric heart pacer; and Justice Harlan, 69, has eye trouble. Exit the Warren Court; enter the Nixon Court.

Gen. Eisenhower's choice of Earl Warren in 1953 was probably his single most important domestic act. Warren became one of the great chief justices of all time. In 1954, tickets to the Navy football game at the Sugar Bowl in New Orleans carried the notation, "Caucasian Race Only." In that same year the impressive, black-robed new Chief Justice leaned forward from the bench and read the unanimous decision that ended school segregation. And inferentially it ended an era. This decision meant not only schools – it meant shortly that blacks would have the legal right to sit where they wanted in a bus, to use common toilets in waiting rooms, to buy homes in white suburbs, to be first-class citizens. When actual rights didn't follow legal rights, there came militancy.

From then on the Warren Court was under attack. It had a built-in, bitter opposition. Whenever, thereafter, it departed from the conservative norm it was denounced and this anger was cumulative. The reason is understandable. Under ordinary circumstances the majestic Court is not a contemporary institution; normally it applies yesterday's precedents to today's problems; it lags a generation. The archaic Court in FDR's day tried to block the New Deal. But now the Warren Court was contemporary. Indeed, it often was a jump ahead of the President and Congress; it recognized the social imperative before the timid elected representatives of the people in the legislature. That has been its glory and its grief. That is why Birchite lawns sprouted signs, "Impeach Earl Warren."

If people can't get justice in law there is only one other battleground, the streets. Some think the Warren Court has been over-activist. But really, all it has done is to open doors. The doors did not have to be broken down.

Legislative malapportionment became intolerable and the Court came through with its one man, one vote decision. It is surprising how quickly this has been accepted; Barry Goldwater denounced it in 1964, and the always entertaining Sen. Dirksen proposed his Constitutional Convention. But, on the whole, it has been absorbed step by step. The latest decision came April 7, when the court, 6 to 3, finepointed its doctrine of equality even further.

The attacks grew and strengthened– "soft on Communism; coddling criminals." The 8-to-1 ban on compulsory Bible and prayer reading in public schools though supported by certain denominational leaders, shocked many. The Court was not anti-religious; it was arguing that in a pluralistic society religious exercises in public schools (though sanctioned by the majority) are a threat to the liberty of nonconformists.

Warren gave his name to the Court, but actually there have been 17 judges serving with him in all. But it is of him the public thinks. The dominant theme has been the necessity of equal rights for all, protection of the underdog, respect for the dignity of man in an agonizingly complex society. As Princeton's William M. Beaney puts it, "it seems obvious that when the Court chose to hand down decisions favorable to racial minorities, political dissenters, criminal defendants and protagonists of unpopular causes, it could hardly expect cheers from the majority of the people."

One of the critics is Mr. Nixon. All through his campaign he complained of the Supreme Court though, like his attacks on the handling of the *Pueblo* incident, his views may shift now that he is in power. Mr. Nixon says that he wants judges who will "interpret the law" and not try "to make the law." He says, "I believe in a strict interpretation of the Supreme Court's functions." He has promised to appoint men of that view.

The trouble is, there is no clear distinction between "interpreting" and "making" the law. The court is an extraordinary institution, part judicial, part political. It can duck the hard decisions if it wants to. It can move to the right, or left, or conduct a staying operation. Mr. Nixon can tip the balance with a single appointment. For example, he has attacked the "Miranda" decision, protecting the right of accused in certain criminal cases. The Miranda case was decided 5 to 4. No other appointment Mr. Nixon makes will be more important than his new Chief Justice. Almost certainly, Hubert Humphrey would have maintained the Court as a contemporary institution. Almost certainly Mr. Nixon will set it back to its old position, one generation behind.

Meanwhile, the crisis over the shooting down of the EC-121 reconnaisance plane suddenly exploded, with the gloating commentary of the North Koreans. And everybody remembered the *Pueblo*, and looked up what Candidate Nixon had said about it.

Keeping His Cool

Every Presidential candidate makes silly statements; the public rather expects it. Franklin Roosevelt promised to balance the budget; Kennedy pointed to a nonexistent missile gap. For Richard Nixon it was what he was going to do to get respect from other countries – particularly little ones who thumbed their noses at the US.

At his outdoor rally there would be the Nixonettes in their plastic straw hats, the release of the balloons, and then (fanfare; cheers) the Candidate, who generally promised not to let any foreign country use the American flag as a doormat (cheers; commotion). Yes, it was a good act and always got a great hand. Alas, like every other man elected President, Mr. Nixon now finds the situation greatly changed. We hope he keeps his cool.

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Mr. Nixon's Priorities

The Presidency is a place where priorities are set.
– Richard Nixon, Sept. 19, 1968.

Quite so. And the annual federal budget is the means by which they are set. Last week Mr. Nixon sent his first budget to Congress, in the form of revisions of the fiscal 1970 budget that Lyndon Johnson had left him. The President also outlined for Congress what he himself claimed to be no more than "a beginning" of a program of domestic legislation. The latter was a fulsome but hardly full statement of objectives, of problems to be dealt with in coming proposals, rather than a statement of what the Administration intends to do about the problems. But it, with the budget revisions, provides a fairly good preview of the President's intentions.

"The first priority," he predictably said, is peace abroad, and he related that objective to his domestic aims with the interesting admission, put more forcefully than he has previously put it, that what his Administration can do about needs at home "will depend in large measure on the prospects for an early end to the war in Vietnam." He thus encouraged the hope, invited the belief, and left us awaiting proof that bringing the war to an early end really is his first priority. He did not place his domestic concerns in numbered order, but he did use the word "priority" in connection with three of them. They were, first, halting "the ruinous rise of inflationary pressures"; second, combatting crime; and third, dealing with "the distresses" of American society, urban and rural. His spokesmen said that the order of mention of these and other items in his legislative meetings did not necessarily indicate the order of the President's solicitude about them. But the total impression conveyed by the message and by his budget choices was that it did. The need, which is beyond reasonable question, to counter inflation shaped his budget and it, in turn, clearly ranked such consideration as domestic order and military strength ahead of spending and action to remedy social ills.

A single, fiscally minor budgetary fact supports the point. The only federal department for which Mr. Nixon recommended more money and more manpower than the Johnson budget allowed is the Department of Justice, and the purpose of the recommended increases is to implement promised "new measures to combat organized crime and to crack down on racketeers, narcotics traffickers and peddlers of obscenity." A larger budgetary fact disposes of any doubt that Mr. Nixon's actual order of concern does not entirely jibe with the

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professed order. Only $1.1 billion of the projected reduction of $4 billion below Johnson spending levels in the next fiscal year comes out of the $78 billion defense budget, and that much only by extremely dubious cuts in the amounts allocated to munitions for Vietnam and the first-year costs of the Nixon ABM system. No less than $1.2 billion of the proposed reduction comes out of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare's $50.5 billion operating budget and another billion from Social Security disbursements. The allocations within HEW and other socially oriented departmental budgets demonstrate a decent regard for social needs, but it is a regard limited and conditioned by the President's overriding concern with inflation and by the cost of maintaining military power.

Much is made by the President and his spokesmen of the fact that his budget, Congress allowing, provides $6.5 billion more for domestic purposes in the next fiscal year than is being spent in the present year and that a $1.5 billion increase in military spending is required to meet a previously enacted military pay increase. This is a truth that becomes somewhat less compelling when it is examined closely. Some $3.4 billion of the domestic increase is in expenditures from Social Security trust funds and – as Budget Director Robert Mayo acknowledged – arises not from Nixon largesse but from "the fact that there are more recipients" every year of pension, medicare, unemployment and other mandatory benefits. Mr. Mayo, a banker who has become an unusually frank bureaucrat, made it additionally clear in his explanations of the revised Nixon budget that it and the $5.8 billion surplus it is supposed to produce in fiscal 1970 depend to an intriguing extent upon what the President recommends and Congress does about Social Security taxes and payments. Nixon recommends a seven percent increase in Social Security benefits instead of the 10 percent raise proposed in the Johnson budget, to cost $600 million instead of 1.6 billion, thus producing that $1 billion "saving." Nixon also recommends that a compensatory increase in social security taxes called for by the previous Administration, worth $1.7 billion in increased trust-fund revenues, be retained. If Congress refuses to vote the full increase in taxes along with the diminished increase in benefits, the Nixon surplus falls from $5.8 billion to $4.1 billion and its counter-inflationary effect is reduced below what the Administration considers to be the necessary minimum. A reporter asked Director Mayo whether that would matter very much; whether the vaunted $5.8 billion surplus is anything more than "a small, relative factor in the fight against inflation." Recalling the $25 billion Johnson deficit run up in fiscal 1968, Mayo answered: "I don't think so. I think first of all the achievement of a surplus as against a huge deficit in itself is a major factor." He then added, in the defensive tone that marked the whole Nixon budget and legislative performance last week: ". . . we feel that there has been a lack of appreciation throughout the financial community and in the free world as to whether we mean business." Was this his way of saying that the amount of the surplus "isn't so important"? The amount is important, he replied, "but to say that we can 'fine tune', that $1 billion more will give us 'X' effect in reducing the price level by December 31 – forget it. We are not that smart."

The Nixon Administration proposes to pay, and asks the nation to pay, a heavy price in restricted social expenditures and in postponed or forgone social innovations for a surplus big enough, as the President said, to "speak louder than any words to the business and labor communities in this country and in the world that the United States is determined to bring a halt to the inflationary spiral. . . ." There can be no justified quarrel with his view that "unless we save the dollar, we will have nothing left to save our cities – or anything else." But there can be, there is, a justified quarrel with the means that he prefers to save the dollar. Keeping the present surtax on incomes, proposing to make rich evaders pay some tax on at least part of their incomes, and promising "a comprehensive revision of our tax structure by 1970" are all very well, so far as they go. Holding public expenditures to feasible minimums and aiming at a substantial federal surplus are worthy aims – if the price is right. But, if saving the dollar is all that imperative, the way to do it is the way that Mr. Nixon evades. That way is a whacking raise in taxes, levied where it ought to be levied upon high individual and corporate incomes. Mr. Nixon says that "we must be prepared to increase substantially our dollar investment in America's future as soon as the resources become available." The resources are available now. What is lacking is his will and the will of Congress to tap and apply them.

And Now, Harvard

This time it was Harvard's turn, although many people in Cambridge kept insisting that Harvard was different. They had a point. The university's traditions are strong. The faculty has been reasonably responsive to student concerns, voting to strip ROTC of academic credit and to establish an impressive Afro-American studies program. In the end, however, Harvard wasn't that different. Events played themselves out in the classic pattern of confrontation. A small group of students seized University Hall and forcibly evicted four deans to protest university policies and to provoke a crisis. The administration summoned the police, who went berserk, bloodying heads. Moderate

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students were horrified at the brutality and organized a protest strike. The faculty was angry and bewildered. The "community of scholars" began being radicalized.

The mystery is why the Harvard administration consented to play the role it did in this classic drama. A callous and inflexible response was by no means the only tactic available to it. It could have kept talking to the students occupying the building. It could have tried waiting – the students, after all, weren't setting fire to the place or endangering lives, or even interrupting classes. (They were going through confidential files, which was a serious matter, but not serious enough to justify turning the cops loose.) Disapproval of the seizure was widespread among other students – even some SDS members were initially against it – and the force of student opinion would sooner or later have had an effect on the occupiers. There was an array of disciplinary procedures available, including expulsion. Moderate faculty members and students tried vainly to persuade the administration to at least take steps to prevent bloodshed – such as sending in faculty observers with the police. They could not even reach the administration. Without consulting the faculty, President Pusey ordered a bust.

So far, the faculty has reacted with good sense. In effect it has blamed both the occupying students and the administration. Seizing University Hall and forcibly evicting the deans were unjustifiable acts; equally, the administration responded ineptly and brutally.

Several points will be important to keep in mind as further disruptions threaten. Competent, humane university officials are aware of the distinction between demonstrations, including some kinds of disruptions – and violence. Violence cannot be tolerated; demonstrations may be. The universities that have succeeded in maintaining discourse and keeping alive a fragile sense of community are those like Brandeis, where the administration interpreted a fairly serious disruption as an invitation to talk, not as a matter for riot squads.

Although some students are addicts of confrontation politics, many more at Harvard are interested in such serious and complex issues as the university's ties with the military and the war machine, and its responsibilities to people in surrounding urban communities. According to the Cox Report, these were the kinds of concern behind the Columbia protests. They are behind the Harvard protests. The problem in most universities is that there are few ways students can get things done. Protest therefore becomes the property of those willing to press ahead in disruptive ways. A particular difficulty at Harvard is that many have come to doubt the administration's candor and good faith in discussions of questions like real estate policy and ROTC. (*Old Mole*, the strike paper, published a letter stolen from University Hall in which Dean Ford outlined how President Pusey could circumvent the faculty's vote to end academic credit for ROTC.)

There cannot be a return to the university as it was four or five years ago. Harvard professors have rather too smugly assumed that they were not like other men, imagining that they had a significant say in important decisions. Now they have witnessed the disastrous results of a handful of administrators taking matters into their own hands, and being supported by the university's governing body, the Corporation. That experience is bound to create more sympathy among the faculty for moderate proposals to make officials more accountable to the whole university community. As the *Crimson* wrote: "It is clear that faculty and students must be given the determining voice in matters now decided by the Corporation."

Arabs, Jews and Peace

The two-week stay of King Hussein in this country was a public relations success. He seemed a sensible, pacific man. His claim to speak for Nasser, though far from being confirmed by Cairo, was readily accepted by the American press. His message: the Arab states are willing to let Israeli ships pass through the Suez Canal as well as the gulf of Aqaba, and for a cheap price – withdrawal of troops from all territories occupied as a result of the 1967 war. This image of Arab moderation has reinforced an optimistic mood created by reports that four-power consultations on the Middle East, going on at the UN, are making unexpected progress. At his first press conference, Secretary of State Rogers explained that no "imposed" solution was contemplated. Still, he thought a Big Four recommendation would strike the imagination of world opinion, and consequently could not be taken lightly by the governments directly concerned in the dispute.

It is anticipated that in a month or two, the Big Four will recommend Israeli withdrawal to "secure and agreed" boundaries, an end of belligerency, freedom of navigation, and settlement of the refugee problem. Undoubtedly the Security Council, Algeria dissenting, will give its blessing. Then the UN's Mr. Jarring will be called back from Moscow and asked to resume his wanderings between Jerusalem, Cairo and Amman in order to win acceptance of the plan. The Israelis will have no confidence in it. The Arab states will balk at any seeming acceptance, however neatly camouflaged, of the permanence of Israel. Vociferous opposition will be voiced by the *El Fatah* and other Arab guerrilla organizations, which consider themselves a third party in the conflict and which continue to speak of destroying "racist" Israel, replacing it with a bi-national Palestine.

At a National Press Club meeting, King Hussein quite rightly said that had his offer been presented to

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Israel on June 1, 1967, it would have been accepted. Why then does Israel refuse it today, the King seemed to be asking in despair? One could reverse the question: Why did Hussein not make the same offer then? Why, instead, did he conclude a military alliance with Nasser, and order his troops on June 5 to move towards Jewish Jerusalem and to shell Tel Aviv?

The main reason why Huessein's offer is insignificant is that the King represents so very little. State Department officials know it, which is why they have been telling the Israelis for so long that the only man to negotiate with is Nasser. The Israelis have no objection to that. But where is Nasser? What Israeli government in its right mind would be willing to sign an agreement with Hussein granting him territories, knowing full well that the day after Israeli troop withdrawal, Hussein might be overthrown or assassinated? The present state of affairs in the Middle East is bleak; the tragedy of the Palestine Arabs is immense. The nub of the difficulty, however, is that any "just" solution still means, to the Arabs, the annihilation of Israel. And that, as they say on the campuses, is a nonnegotiable demand. Neither Hussein's offer nor any unanimous recommendation of the big powers will be accepted by the Israelis, *unless* they are convinced that peaceful coexistence with neighboring states *and* the Palestinian refugees is assured. It can only be assured by the disputing parties themselves. What the big powers should do is defuse the Arab-Israeli conflict by mutual disengagement. The fire would continue smoldering, but it would not be able to set the world ablaze. Such mutual disengagement should be the main object of the American-Soviet negotiations on the Middle East, which are quietly going on in Washington.

How Head a Head Start?

Some day we will learn to be sensible about quantitative measurements of education, achieving a sophistication we now lack. A case in point is a just-completed study of Head Start programs done for the Office of Economic Opportunity by the Westinghouse Learning Corporation and Ohio University. The study asked a legitimate, if narrow, question: had Head Start classes made an intellectual and psychological difference to poor children who are now in first, second, and third grades? It tried to measure this by using three kinds of tests, and comparing the scores of former Head Start students in first, second, and third grades with those of control groups of poor children who never attended Head Start. On the first test, "language development," the Head Start children did not score significantly higher than the control groups. In "learning readiness," the former Head Start children scored better than the control groups by a small but statistically significant margin. On the Stanford Achievement tests, which measure academic achievement, the two groups performed about the same. And on a battery of psychological tests of dubious validity, there did not appear to be too much difference in scores.

There were some interesting exemptions – evidence for example, that Head Start centers in the Southeast, in the core of large cities, and in mainly black areas, made more of an impact than those in other areas. This suggests that Head Start did most for the worst-off. The parents interviewed for the study were almost unanimous in their praise of the program, confirming what many have said; that one of the most striking accomplishments of Head Start has been the degree of parent participation in its better programs, and the signal success of some centers in convincing poor parents that their children have friends and allies.

The study concluded that summer programs – which showed no traceable effect – should be scrapped in favor of year-round programs which do have a discernible, if slight, effect. It strongly suggested that effective programs would have to last much longer – extending downward to infancy and upward into the primary grades. Its authors say that Head Start teachers should pay more attention to developing children's language, and to helping parents teach children. It asked that some Head Start centers be experimental.

It would be a pity if these findings were taken as the final word on Head Start, and something worse than a pity if Congressional Scrooges were to use the study as an argument for junking the whole program, which has only been in operation since 1965. When the Coleman Report on equal educational opportunity suggested that what schools do doesn't much matter, no one was foolish enough to argue that schools should be closed down. The day will come when good preschooling will be seen as the right of every child. Meanwhile, it is wise to be cautious about framing public policy on the basis of one set of statistics.

The study scrupulously notes its own limitations: the authors, for example, made no attempt to assess the medical and nutritional effects of Head Start (enormous), or what they have meant to poor parents and their communities. There was no effort to ascertain differences in quality between one Head Start center and another, although the range in quality is considerable.

It would have been helpful had the study known more accurately what the income and status were of the parents studied. Also, we do not know what effect the intervening year of conventional kindergarten had on the Head Start children. Like most educational research, the study ignores individual children. It is completely *post hoc:* its measurements were taken after the

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children were out of Head Start for one to three years.

The report says that schools in small communities and rural settings differ in interesting ways from big city schools. In its contorted language: "There appears to be a prevailing air of suspicion within the structural organization components of the large urban schools that is distinctively absent from the smaller rural schools." And again: ". . . those schools from less populated areas (usually schools of limited enrollment) have not allowed their organizational system to operate for administrative convenience at the expense of the student." Proponents of decentralization take note.

The study is careful, though there are some slips – such as its assumption that the effect on a child of a half-day program is the same as the effect of a full-day. It leaves certain major hypotheses about Head Start still open to debate. One is that Head Start programs do benefit children, but that the benefit is then frittered away by poor teaching later on. (Visitors to slum schools with Head Start classes often note the better atmosphere in the Head Start rooms.) Another hypothesis left open is the idea that preschooling will have to begin earlier if it is to make a big difference.

The report does provide a rationale for the Nixon Administration's recent action in reducing summer Head Start programs by 50 percent in order to increase the number of year-round programs. It can also be used to support the Administration's plan to move Head Start from OEO to HEW, as part of a new Office of Child Development. There may be good reasons for this administrative reform, but to many it has two weaknesses: a tendency to substitute administrative tinkering for programs and action; and, a desire to buy education for disadvantaged children on the cheap. The fanfare over the new Office of Child Development was muted when HEW Secretary Finch admitted that its program would not be getting any more money to spend than before.

Most poor or black people do not believe this Administration has their interests at heart, or that it has any heart at all. The pity is that the Administration has some good ideas about early schooling. Secretary Finch has indicated a desire to double the tiny Parent and Child Center program, serving families with children under three. He has spoken of mini-preschools for homes and local neighborhoods, with tutors from the community. He has shown an interest in day-care programs, which, apart from jobs and housing, are one of the nation's unmet needs. He has talked of fusing, in early childhood centers, the preschool and early years of school up to the age of eight. There is evidence that the Administration has *thought* about Nixon's aim of "providing all American children with an opportunity for healthful and stimulating development during the first five years of life." But there is no sign yet of any real commitment.

Pollution on the Air

"They make you take out everything of pertinence"
—Tom Smothers

Discussion of how to finance something better, more interesting, than commercial television has been advanced by the National Citizens Committee for Broadcasting – a nonprofit organization which has just released a study by NYU economist Dick Netzer called Long-Range Financing of Public Broadcasting. The report, endorsed without reservation by the group's trustees (who include Harry Belafonte, Ralph Ellison, John Kenneth Galbraith, Brendan Gill, Nathan Glazer, Thomas P. F. Hoving, Robert Montgomery and others), concludes that the way to pay for Public Television is to tax profitable broadcasting.

Successful Public Television needs money – much more than the $5 million Congress appropriated for it in fiscal 1969. The Carnegie Commission in 1967 estimated that the minimum amount needed is $270 million a year. The income must be stable; it must increase as expenses and programming costs mount; it ought not to depend on the caprice of benefactors.

A number of financing schemes for a "fourth network" (plus a variety of independent station operations) have been considered. The Carnegie Commission suggested a sales tax on TV sets. The Ford Foundation proposed a new, private nonprofit satellite system that could be used by broadcasters to transmit TV signals (replacing telephone line and microwave relay transmission). Under the Ford plan (which the NCCB endorses), Public Television could use the satellite system at no cost and derive income from fees paid for its use by commercial clients.

The National Citizens Committee itself favors placing the financial burden primarily on the commercial broadcasters. The NCCB's specific recommendation is a tax on their gross receipts. Taxed at the rate of four percent of their gross income, they would supply $120 million from receipts of just over $3 billion annually. To ensure stability and freedom from political encroachment, the money would go into a public trust fund (similar to that established for social security); there it would be safe from meddlers and appropriations fights. In addition, the Committee recommends a licensing fee for radio broadcasters and experiments with subscription (pay) TV. It would also allow limited, tasteful, unobstrusive advertising on the public network.

The NCCB told President Nixon this month that "the greatest communications resource man has ever known continues to be polluted and to pollute the public's airwaves – for private gain." Public Television is the alternative.

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Action Report

ABM

If Richard Nixon had decided not to deploy the Safeguard ABM system, he would not face the prospect of pitting himself against the forces (now augmented) that drove Lyndon Johnson to give up the White House. Two groups, the National Citizens Committee Concerned about Deployment of the ABM and the Coalition on National Priorities and Military Policy, are at the center of a national network of at least 43 groups committed to stopping Safeguard. The movement is bi-partisan and includes established peace, academic, church and liberal organizations as well as recently formed citizens' anti-ABM groups.

National Citizens Committee. Headed by Arthur Goldberg and former Deputy Secretary of Defense Roswell Gilpatrick, the National Citizens Committee includes Averell Harriman, Marriner Eccles, Whitney Young, Reinhold Niebuhr, Dr. Herbert York. It will coordinate and supplement the work of other independent groups, providing speakers, films, advertisements, TV spots and educational packets explaining what the ABM controversy is about.

Coalition. The Coalition on National Priorities has pooled the resources of at least 17 separate organizations for the campaign: SANE, ADA, SCLC, United Presbyterian Church in the USA (Office of Church and Society), National Council of Churches, United Church of Christ, Union of American Hebrew Congregations, William Penn House, Unitarian Universalist Association, United Methodist Board of Christian Social Concerns, Teachers Committee for Peace in Vietnam, Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, Women's Strike for Peace (D.C.), United World Federalists, Friends Committee on National Legislation, Council for Humanist and Ethical Concerns, Student World Federalists. These organizations will mobilize opposition to Safeguard in 16 states: Alaska, Delaware, Hawaii, New Mexico, Washington, Virginia, Tennessee, Michigan, Oregon, West Virginia, Texas, Vermont, Massachusetts, Idaho, Kansas, Maine. Like the National Citizens Committee, the Coalition will sponsor public hearings, distribute literature, tapes, films, and bumper stickers ("ABM is an Edsel"). The Coalition hopes to generate a steady flow of anti-ABM mail to uncommitted Senators, most of whom are from the above states.

Congressional Hearings. The Senate and House Armed Service committees are now holding authorization hearings on the defense bill for fiscal 1970. ABM is in that bill. Normal procedure is to break the legislation into two parts with separate bills for procurement and construction. It is unlikely that the Senate Armed Services committee's new chairman, Sen. John Stennis (D., Miss.) will permit such action, which would make ABM critic Stuart Symington (D., Mo.) floor manager of the construction bill. Rather, Stennis will release the bill in mid-May as a single package and manage it himself.

The Wobblies. Senate opponents of Safeguard think they can win the crucial first vote (probably around Memorial Day), but much depends on the nationwide effort to persuade 11 Senators who are teetering between rejection and approval. Inclined to reject the ABM proposal are: Sens. Warren Magnuson (D., Wash.), Caleb Boggs (R., Del.), Len Jordan (R., Idaho), John Williams (R., Del.). The wavering proponents of Safeguard are: Sens. Clinton Anderson (D., N.M.), William Spong (D., Va.), Howard Baker (R., Tenn.), Hiram Fong (R., Hawaii), Robert Griffin (R., Mich.), Robert Packwood (R., Ore.), Theodore Stevens (D., Alaska).

Senate Strategy. If the Senate Armed Service Committee's bill is defeated by the Senate, the bill would go to a conference of the two Armed Service committees, which would probably vote the full authorization. The bill would then be sent to the House for approval (expected) and should return for a Senate decision about June 25. The Senate conferees would be asked why they restored Safeguard after its initial Senate defeat. Their reply: fiscal 1969 ends July 1 and to reject Safeguard would be to scuttle the entire multi-billion dollar defense bill, to deprive the troops in Vietnam of our support, to hamstring all military expenditures. That argument would collapse were Safeguard's opponents to introduce a continuing resolution, authorizing military spending at present levels. Left unsaid will be the fact that one-third of the Senate faces reelection next year and no one wants to misread his constituents on so sensitive an issue.

White House Effort. Vice President Agnew has called a number of Republican Senators, urging them to support their President and stave off a power-play by Sen. Ted Kennedy. The obvious distortion has not impressed the Senators and the tactic may cost the Administration votes. The most effective White House strategy, however, may require the least effort. The Administration is hoping that the Safeguard issue, with all its talk of first-strike capabilities, MIRV's, Fobs, SS-9, Galosh and so on, will so confuse the country (Gallup indicates 60 percent undecided on ABM) that in exasperation it will leave the decision to Mr. Nixon.

Active Groups: The following groups are working to stop deployment of the ABM:

National Citizens Committee Concerned about Deployment of the ABM
18 E. 48th St., Suite 1104
New York, N. Y.
212 – 838-4700

Coalition on National Priorities and Military Policy
120 Maryland Ave., N.E.
Washington, D. C. 20002
202 – 543-1151

New England Citizens Committee Against the ABM
11 South St.
Boston, Mass. 617 – 482-6155

Council for A Livable World
1346 Connecticut Ave.
Washington, D. C. 20036
202 – 265-3800

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Michigan Stop ABM Committee
65 East Columbia
Detroit, Michigan
962 – 0340

North Dakota Citizens Against ABM
705 North University Drive
Fargo, N.D. 58102
701 – 237-3676

Colorado Action Committee on National Priorities
P.O. Box 3536
Boulder, Colo. 80302

Federation of American Scientists
2025 Eye Street, N.W.
Washington, D. C. 20006
202 – 965-5155

National Federation of Priest Councils
1307 South Wabash
Chicago, Illinois
312 – 427-0115

Clergy and Laymen Concerned about Peace in Vietnam
475 Riverside Drive
New York, N. Y. 10027
212 – 749-8518

Womanpower-in-Action
230 Park Avenue
New York, N. Y. 10017
212 – 983-8400

Chicago Business Executives Move for Vietnam Peace
116 South Michigan Ave.
Chicago, Ill. 60603, 312 – 236-1577

Another Mother for Peace
407 North Maple Dr.
Beverly Hills, Calif., 213 – 278-3476

Bay Area Opposition to ABM Committee
50 Oak St.
San Francisco, Calif.

Florida Coalition on National Priorities
141 N.E. Third Ave.
Miami, Fla. 33132

Clearinghouse on National Priorities
1095 South Shore Dr.
Kansas City, Mo. 64151
816 – 741-5096

New Democratic Coalition of Ohio
3756 Lee Rd., Rm.
Shaker Hts., Ohio 44128
216 – 751-9700 or 371-9959

Ohio Action Conference on National Priorities
1990 Ford Rd., Suite 407
Cleveland, Ohio, 216 – 421-3468

Philadelphia Action on National Priorities
2006 Walnut St., 3rd Floor
Philadelphia, Pa. 19103

New York Coalition on National Priorities
381 Park Ave., S., Rm. 701
New York, N.Y.
212 – 889-3184

Scientists for Social and Political Action
P.O. Box 3704
Stanford, Calif. 94305

Did John Mitchell Hear the Justices?

by Robert Shogan

The legal proprieties of electronic surveillance, that "dirty business" as Mr. Justice Holmes called it back in 1928, have for years been a subject of bitter controversy. Unfortunately the long debate has generated more heat than light. Witness the recent bugging imbroglio between the Supreme Court and the Justice Department. In part the mixup stemmed from the complexities confronting the Court and the ambiguities in its opinion as it gingerly sought to determine the rights of convicted spies to examine overheard information that may or may not have been used against them. But a good measure of the confusion seems to have existed in the minds of the Justice Department's high command, who read into the Court's ruling of March 10 things that the Court later said simply weren't there.

The Department's reaction reflected the importance attached to bugging by Attorney General John Mitchell. Even before he was installed as AG, Mitchell made clear that unlike his predecessor he would not restrict the use of electronic snooping to national security matters. Soon after he took office, it was disclosed that Mitchell, acting under the 1968 crime control law, had authorized the first bugs in what were described as "organized crime investigations." In their public pronouncements, Justice Department officials depicted bugging as a potent weapon in the much heralded battle to restore law and order to the land.

Nevertheless, as Mitchell was aware, there were serious legal questions about the use of bugging and he and his aides fretted about what the answers might do to their gangbusting plans.

In a series of decisions in recent years the Supreme Court had extended to victims of what Justice Byron White has called "the uninvited ear," the same Fourth Amendment protections that apply to conventional searches and seizures. As Justice itself acknowledged in case after case, its investigators had been engaged in widespread electronic snooping for years, tuning in on suspected spies and common crooks, on anybody whose voice fell within range of their mikes. One illustration of their enterprise:

ROBERT SHOGAN *reports on the Justice Department and the Supreme Court for* Newsweek *and is co-author of* The Detroit Race Riot.

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heavyweight champion Cassius Clay was overheard five times in a two-year period, well before he made himself a symbol of black resistance to the draft and a violator of federal law. In this case, and in a number of others, the government contended that its eavesdropping was accidental. Accidental or not, some of it was probably illegal. And where it was illegal, and where it had furnished evidence or leads to evidence in gaining a conviction, then clearly the defendant would be entitled to a new trial.

The sticky question raised was how much right did the defendant have to examine the information to determine whether it had in fact been used against him. It was this question that the Supreme Court sought to answer in its March 10 opinion. The ruling covered an unlikely combination of cases involving John W. Butenko, an American engineer and Igor Ivanov, a Russian chauffeur, both convicted as Soviet spies; and two racketeers named Willie I. Alderman and Felix Alderisio, both convicted of extortion.

The government conceded that it was obliged to disclose to the defendants any surveillance records that were "relevant" to their cases. But its lawyers argued that the records should first be submitted to the trial judge, who would declare *in camera* what was relevant. Otherwise, they claimed, the government would risk seriously compromising its intelligence operations; to avoid doing that it conceivably could be forced to let a convicted man go free. For their part, the defense attorneys, among them Edward Bennett Williams, insisted that they needed to see all the records of surveillance to argue effectively about their relevance.

The court, in a five to three decision written by Justice Byron White, ruled for the defense, and granted to spies the same rights as extortionists. White declared that the task of selecting the relevant portions of the overheard material could not reasonably be left to the trial judge: "An apparently innocent phrase, a chance remark, a reference to what appears to be a neutral person or event . . . may have special significance to one who knows the more intimate facts of an accused man's life." White took note of Solicitor General Erwin N. Griswold's contention that the government might be faced with a choice between divulging information that would injure the national security or dropping its prosecution. "But," White said, "this is a choice the government concededly faces with respect to material which it has obtained *illegally* (emphasis added) and which it admits, or which a judge would find, is arguably relevant to the evidence offered against the petitioner."

The key word here is "illegally," but its significance was overlooked by the Justice Department. Instead it read the opinion as confirming its worst fears about self-exposure. And in the next few days those apprehensions were widely broadcast in the press. One Justice staff member went to the lengths of pointing out to *The New York Times* how a federal defendant in a routine case could get himself off – by phoning some foreign embassy so that the Justice department would either have to divulge that it was bugging the embassy or dropping the charges against the defendant. This argument rested on the dubious premise that although "everyone" knew embassies were bugged (and if they hadn't before they certainly did after reading the *Times*), the government would rather lose an important case than face the embarrassment of confirming common knowledge.

Some Justice officials concluded that the Court had ruled as it did only because the widely known facts of life about embassy bugging had somehow escaped its ken. Considering that the Court counts among its members two former Solicitors General of the United States and such uncloistered personalities as Abe Fortas, this seemed a remarkable presumption of naivete.

At any rate the Department made known its intention to take the rare step of formally asking the Court to change its mind by petitioning for a rehearing. And while its brief was still in preparation, the Attorney General himself, testifying before a Senate crime committee, proclaimed his "great disappointment" with the Court's decision. ". . . Not only does the Court opinion provide for the disclosure of all relevant material to the defendant's rights," Mitchell complained, "but it provides for the disclosure of the entire log of the operation. And in some of these instances national security is involved and in some other instances the very life and existence of witnesses are involved." The Committee chairman, John McClellan, was properly distressed. But at least one Committee member, Michigan's Phil Hart took a different view. "Restraints and inhibitions on the police was the purpose of the Bill of Rights," Hart reminded Mitchell, "and the fellow ultimately responsible for delivering on the guarantee of the bill is the court. So that merely saying that this makes it tough on the policeman is in a sense a so-what argument, because that is precisely what the bill [of rights] is intended to do."

But the AG was not to be dissuaded by such doctrine. The next day Solicitor General Griswold filed for a rehearing. He argued, among other things, that electronic surveillance was not illegal when it was used to gather foreign intelligence information and was specifically authorized by the Attorney General. Therefore, he contended, the government should not be required to disclose what it had learned from such surveillance to a defendant – at least until a judge had studied it *in camera* and determined it was relevant.

Five days after the brief was filed, the Court flatly rejected it. But at the same time it amplified its views on surveillance in such a manner as to completely lift the pall of gloom which for a fortnight had hung over the Justice Department. In a two-page concurring

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opinion, Justice Potter Stewart, who is noted for the meticulousness of his prose, attempted to make clear what procedure the lower courts should follow in determining the relevance of overheard material. In the first place, Stewart said, the Court's March 10 ruling requiring disclosure applied only where information had been gained illegally, that is, by violation of the Fourth Amendment. "We did not decide in those cases . . . that any of the surveillances *did* (Stewart's italics) violate the Fourth Amendment," he pointed out. "Instead we have left that threshold question for the District Courts to decide. . . ." In passing, Stewart noted wryly that in arguing the March 10 cases, "the Solicitor General, mystifyingly, sought to concede that the surveillances there *were* (his emphasis) in fact unconstitutional, although he was repeatedly invited to argue that they were not. . . . In deciding those cases," Stewart said, "the Court declined to accept the Solicitor General's proferred concession."

The Supreme Court had nowhere ordered that the district courts could not decide this key issue of legality in *ex parte, in camera* proceedings. In other words, the judges there were free to rule on legality in the privacy of their own chambers. (And the general assumption is that they will do exactly that, at least on material the government claims is related to security.) Moreover, Stewart said, the Supreme Court had not yet ruled on the constitutionality of bugging related to gathering foreign intelligence information. That question remains for the Court to resolve, as it undoubtedly will, in due time.

Stewart concluded his clarification on an acerbic note: "One might suppose that all of this should be entirely clear to any careful reader of the Court's opinion in *Alderman, Butenko and Ivanov*. Perhaps so, and perhaps, therefore, what I have said is quite unnecessary. But 10 years of experience here have taught me that the most carefully written opinions are not always carefully read – even by those most directly concerned."

If the Attorney General or his colleagues were nettled by Stewart's sarcasm, they kept it to themselves. "No one here is very upset," said one source in the Department. "We got pretty much what we wanted. We wanted them to bail us out, and they did."

While the Justice Department may have gotten what it wanted, it hadn't won any prizes for deportment. Its reaction to the March 10 decision, intentionally or not, tended to muster resentment against the Court. What impact if any this had on the Court is impossible to tell. But certainly the department's cries of alarm did nothing to enhance public understanding of the legal complexities of bugging, or of the judicial process. The Supreme Court, which all too often has been a scapegoat for the know-nothings and bigots of our society, deserves more judicious treatment from the Department of Justice.

Lee Kuan Yew

Why Singapore Might Make It

by Alex Campbell

Singapore

This island of 2 million people has as its prime minister one of the most remarkable men in world politics. Born in Singapore, Lee Kuan Yew is a graduate of Cambridge University in England, has been political top dog here for a decade, and is now only 46. He is fluent in Malayan and in several Chinese dialects as well as in English. He also speaks Tamil. Three-quarters of the people of Singapore are Chinese, but the remaining quarter though mostly Malays are also English- and Indian-speaking, so that Lee Kuan Yew's languages contribute to his political success. His main asset, however, is a nimble brain that has had the great good fortune to link itself with a highly persuasive personality. Yet he is almost the reverse of being a demagogue. His public appearances are few, and though he has enhanced the well-being of his constituents – perhaps more so than any other Asian leader – he has almost always demanded more from them than he has promised them. When Singapore was still a colony, its British rulers feared Lee Kuan Yew as a bold agitator who was probably a Communist. He did accept the Communists as allies in the struggle against colonialism, but by the time he achieved real authority the Communists had become his sworn enemies, and he was counting on the British – perhaps wrongly, it now turns out – to be his close allies.

On coming to power, Lee Kuan Yew's People's Action Party (PAP) claimed it found the treasury empty, a common complaint of successor administrations. Lee Kuan Yew promptly increased taxes, cut government workers' "dearness allowance" (a cost-of-living compensation for rising prices) so that the bureaucrats were reduced to trying to make ends meet on their basic pay. These, and other measures of financial prudence more often undertaken by conservatives than radicals, were successful in replenishing the treasury, and in a couple of years or so the screws could be loosened. But at the time they were tightened, the Communists in Singapore commanded more than 30 percent of the popular vote.

In 1965, a quarrel blew up between the new Malay government, in Kuala Lumpur, and the city government of Singapore. The quarrel was due in part to Lee Kuan Yew's successful economic policy. Singapore was getting steadily richer; but the Singaporeans said that 40 cents of every dollar they earned had to be

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transmitted to Kuala Lumpur. Lee Kuan Yew again adopted a daring solution. Though the island is connected to the mainland by a causeway, Singapore launched out politically on its own, as an independent republic. Lee Kuan Yew later claimed that the Singaporeans had been "kicked out"; but it seems reasonable to assume that most of the initiative for the break came from him. Again, his audacity seems to have paid dividends. Singapore may go on getting richer, with no obligation to hand over part of its growing wealth each year to Malaysia. And the estrangement between the two new states has been largely overcome. The prime minister of Malaysia visited Singapore in March and Lee Kuan Yew offered to supply troops to help defend Sabah, a Malaysian possession in Borneo, if they should ever be needed.

Though its income per head is the highest in Asia (more than $1,700 per annum), Singapore spends only about one percent of GNP on defense. Yet until quite recently the Singaporeans felt rather like Israelis. Singapore is largely a Chinese city, and the Chinese are not loved by the Malays. The Indonesian island nearest to Singapore is almost within hailing distance. Lee Kuan Yew is plainly determined that Singapore will defend itself as ably as its small numbers permit, if it is ever called on to do so. He has studied Israel's defense pattern and has engaged Israeli military experts to help him organize his island's forces. Every Singapore boy and girl is to undergo rather rigorous military training. The government intends that everyone shall be able to shoulder arms.

It did come as a considerable shock to Singapore when the British government announced that instead of its forces pulling out by 1975, this would be done by the end of 1971. The $120 million aid that Britain offered its former colony as a consolation prize failed to console. Now the island's home guard is to be supplemented by a joint Singapore-Malaysia air defense system. The British say that they could be back in the area with military forces in 16 or 17 hours, and Lee Kuan Yew is hoping that the Japanese navy will help keep the Straits of Malacca open for international shipping in an emergency, in view of Japan's heavy dependence on oil supplies from the Persian Gulf.

But it's not only or primarily for defense that Lee Kuan Yew looks to Japan – and to Australia. He said recently that he did not lack faith in a regional organization like ASEAN, the Association of Southeast Asian Nations that now includes Malaysia, Singapore, the Philippines, Thailand and Indonesia. "But I also believe that if you want to propel yourself forward, you have to have some power. It is the difference between rowing and having an outboard motor. I am in favor of getting somebody with an outboard motor, like Japan or Australia, to join in the partnership. Then we have a motor. Otherwise, five underdeveloped countries each rowing away and not rhythmically – well, we will make progress, but it will be slow."

On the same occasion, Lee Kuan Yew declared he would like to believe that Singapore "can be the sparking plug for a better quality of life for Southeast Asia." His preoccupying fear is that, in his part of the world, a soft climate may produce what he calls a soft society. He wants to foster a kind of Israeli hardness.

The prime minister's admiration of the United States is genuine, but qualified; he admires American know-how but not all aspects of the American way of life. "I have a very high regard," he has carefully explained, "for American technology, gadgetry, drive, marketing, management skills and so many other things connected with the industrial and technological society in which we live." But Vietnam "is a human problem, not just a technological problem." Do Americans understand how the South Vietnamese people feel in their hearts, and what they are thinking? Manifestly, Lee Kuan Yew doubts it. He wants some American military presence in Southeast Asia after the Vietnam war is over – partly for security, partly for the economic benefits such a presence would continue to bring to the area. (About a third of Singapore's exports at present are generated by procurement of steel plate, building materials and so forth, for Vietnam.) He and other Southeast Asian leaders want the postwar American military presence to be modest.

He plainly doubts that the South Vietnamese are ever going to find the kind of leadership that might see them through. It would, he concedes, be nice to think that when the foreign troops go, on both sides, the South Vietnamese under protection of some international or United Nations force may freely choose the kind of government they want. Even then, would they be able to find a government that was able, in peace, to carry them on to the sort of constructive society he himself is building in Singapore? His conclusion: "If it decides to go non-Communist, then good luck to South Vietnam and I think the rest of Southeast Asia will cheer and be greatly relieved. If it decides to go Communist and to rejoin the North, then . . . the South Vietnamese just didn't believe that the non-Communist South Vietnamese leadership was good enough for them."

Singapore's Communists have declined any longer to run against Lee Kuan Yew only to be beaten each time. They boycott the ballot box, so it is not possible to tell what their strength is. One probably reliable estimate is 10 percent of the popular vote, which means it has fallen by two-thirds. In 1961, there were 116 strikes in Singapore, mostly politically motivated; last year there were two, and probably neither was political. But the price of liberty is eternal prosperity. Communist strength might recover quite fast if Singapore's economy hit a really bad patch. At the moment,

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it is riding high. The rate of growth is an amazing 11.9 percent. Manufacturing output has been going up almost 25 percent each year. Exports of manufactures, excluding refined petroleum, are worth US $580 million, a 270 percent increase since 1960. Each month, about 350 Asians from nearby countries attempt to smuggle themselves into Singapore to share its prosperity; each is prepared to pay about US $100 for the chance, a huge sum to an ordinary Asian.

The visitor to Singapore who travels there by air has attached to his luggage a destination label that disconcertingly announces, in large letters, SIN. It couldn't be a more misleading description. This island of immigrants that would like to be thought of as the spark plug of Southeast Asia is tropically green but suburbanly sedate. The businessmen are businesslike and think only about trade. The city itself is fanatical about cleanliness – there are heavy fines for litterbugs. Everyone is polite but brisk. The large but tame traffic is efficiently directed by khaki-clad policemen and policewomen. Nearly all the street signs are still in English, the language everyone in Singapore speaks, and none of the monuments commemorating British rule has been removed. When the former British prime minister, Harold Macmillan, visited Singapore, the then mayor sulked in city hall and refused to go to meet him. Macmillan, unabashed, drove to city hall and meekly requested tea and a chat. Since then, relations between the republic and the former colonial power have been good.

The taxes that Lee Kuan Yew collects from his hard-working people are fairly levied and fairly spent, on roads, hospitals and workers' apartment houses. There is no corruption: even the government's political opponents say as much. The modern workers' apartment houses, striking silhouettes by day and a blaze of light after dark, are creating a new skyline. They rent at $70 an apartment per month – Singapore dollars, worth about 35 cents each. The apartment houses are racially integrated, though this is as difficult to accomplish in Singapore, 75 percent Chinese and 25 percent Malay etcetera, as it would be in Washington, DC. Lee Kuan Yew is also encouraging families to buy their apartments, for the same reason the government now charges $1 (Singapore) a day for medical services that formerly were free. He is anxious to teach people to be self-reliant. Still, the government continues to build apartments to replace slums; they are going up at the rate – the government proudly announces – of one apartment unit every 38 minutes.

Lee Kuan Yew long ago proclaimed that his ideal for Singapore was a socialist democratic republic. In fact, the island is too dependent on outside capital to practice socialism. Last year $100 million of US capital was invested in Singapore, mostly in oil refining but also in hotels and factories. Singapore with its high skills can serve a wide Asian market. It is now a central point for supplying spare parts for American tractors in other places in Asia. A Japanese company is about to build, as well as repair, ships in Singapore in cooperation with the government. There are 1,400 factories (Hong Kong has 12,000) and the number is going up by leaps and bounds. Singapore and Indonesia are cooperating to exploit the fabled belles of Bali. The idea is to catch tourists traveling the Taiwan-Hong Kong-Bangkok-Singapore route, and the Taiwan-Manila-Singapore route. This means not so much American tourists, as Japanese; already, Japanese tourists to Taiwan outnumber Americans, and the reckoning is that by 1985 the Japanese will be in the state of affluence most Americans are now.

Lee Kuan Yew has been in power continuously for 10 years. Last year he said he wanted time off for a little thinking and "research." He then went off for nearly ten weeks, to talk and listen to American intellectuals at Harvard and at Yale. This was believed to be the longest time that any active prime minister had ever spent away from his office, let alone 10,000 miles away from his country. But Lee Kuan Yew says that he regards himself as primarily an intellectual, not a politician. He also calls himself a "constructive optimist." There can be no doubt that the vast majority of Singaporeans are content with his rule. The question is whether this compliance will prove to be good in the long run. The republic has several other political parties besides the PAP and the Communists. But the PAP has never lost a seat in parliament, and it holds all 58 of them. Government measures are debated in the British parliamentary style, and members get up and ask ministers questions, in the British tradition. Nevertheless, the whole parliamentary setup seems unreal. Lee Kuan Yew's critics claim that it is. They also say that he is turning Singapore into an efficient but inhuman anthill, and that his workers' apartment houses are the equivalent of worker-bees' hives. There is danger that ten more years of such excellent government will turn Singaporeans into dull, or anyway bland conformists. When the student editor of *Undergrad*, the University of Singapore paper, wrote a series of brilliant but biting articles, he was quietly summoned to the office of the president, and there gently reminded that he was attending the university on a scholarship. The articles ceased.

There is another side to the coin. Lee Kuan Yew is doing everything in his power to make his island of immigrants an island of skilled workers, who will continue to have among the highest living standards in Asia. People with skills have brains, and people with brains ask questions and won't be satisfied with bland answers. Lee Kuan Yew is himself the proof of this.

Next: A Report from Hong Kong, the British Home of the American China Watchers.

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The Case for Professionalism

by Robert Brustein

In such a state of society [a state of democratic anarchy], the master fears and flatters his scholars, and the scholars despise their masters and tutors; young and old are alike; and the young man is on a level with the old, and is ready to compete with him in word and deed; and old men condescend to the young and are full of pleasantry and gaiety; they are loth to be thought morose and authoritative, and therefore they adopt the manners of the young. ....

Plato, *The Republic*, Book VIII

Among the many valuable things on the verge of disintegration in contemporary America is the concept of professionalism – by which I mean to suggest a condition determined by training, experience, skill, and achievement (by remuneration, too, but this is secondary). In our intensely Romantic age, where so many activities are being politicalized and objective judgments are continually colliding with subjective demands, the amateur is exalted as a kind of democratic culture hero, subject to no standards or restrictions. This development has been of concern to me because of its impact upon my immediate areas of interest – the theater and theater training – but its consequences can be seen everywhere, most conspicuously in the field of liberal education. If the amateur is coequal – and some would say, superior – to the professional, then the student is coequal or superior to the professor, and "the young man," as Plato puts it in his discourse on the conditions that lead to tyranny, "is on a level with the old, and is ready to compete with him in word and deed."

As recently as five years ago, this proposition would have seemed remote; today, it has virtually become established dogma, and its implementation is absorbing much of the energy of the young. Although student unrest was originally stimulated, and rightly so, by such external issues as the war in Vietnam and the social grievances of the blacks and the poor, it is now more often aroused over internal issues of power and influence in the university itself. Making an analogy between democratic political systems and the university structure, students begin by demanding a representative voice in the "decisions that affect our lives," including questions of faculty tenure, curriculum changes, grading, and academic discipline. As universities begin to grant some of these demands, thus tacitly accepting the analogy, the demands escalate to the point where students are now insisting on a voice in electing the university president, a role in choosing the faculty, and even a place on the board of trustees.

I do not wish to comment here on the validity of individual student demands – certainly, a student role in university affairs is both practical and desirable, as long as that role remains advisory. Nor will I take the time to repeat the familiar litany of admiration for the current student generation – it has, to my mind, already been sufficiently praised, even overpraised, since for all its intrinsic passion, intelligence, and commitment, the proportion of serious, gifted, hardworking students remains about what it always was (if not actually dwindling for reasons I hope soon to develop). I do want, however, to examine the analogy which is now helping to politicize the university, and scholarship itself, because it seems to me full of falsehood.

Clearly, it is absurd to identify electoral with educational institutions. To compare the state with the academy is to assume that the primary function of the university is to govern and to rule. While the relation-

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ship between the administration and the faculty does have certain political overtones, the faculty and administration can no more be considered the elected representatives of the student body than the students – who were admitted after voluntary application on a selective and competitive basis – can be considered freeborn citizens of a democratic state: the relationship between teacher and student is strictly tutorial. Thus, the faculty member functions not to represent the student's interests in relation to the administration, but rather to communicate knowledge from one who knows to one who doesn't. That the reasoning behind this analogy has not been more frequently questioned indicates the extent to which some teachers are refusing to exercise their roles as professionals. During a time when all authority is being radically questioned, faculty members are becoming more reluctant to accept the responsibility of their wisdom and experience and are, therefore, often willing to abandon their authoritative position in order to placate the young.

The issue of authority is a crucial one here, and once again we can see how the concept of professionalism is being vitiated by false analogies. Because *some* authority is cruel, callow, or indifferent (notably the government in its treatment of certain urgent issues of the day), the Platonic *idea* of authority comes under attack. Because some faculty members are remote and pedantic, the credentials of distinguished scholars, artists, and intellectuals are ignored or rejected, and anyone taking charge of a classroom or a seminar is open to charges of "authoritarianism." This explains the hostility of many students towards the lecture course – where an "authority" communicates the fruits of his research, elaborating on unclear points when prodded by student questioning (still a valuable pedagogical technique, especially for beginning students, along with seminars and tutorials). Preferred to this, and therefore replacing it in some departments, is the discussion group or "bull session," where the student's opinion about the material receives more attention than the material itself, if indeed the material is still being treated. The idea – so central to scholarship – that there is an inherited body of knowledge to be transmitted from one generation to another – loses favor because it puts the student in an unacceptably subordinate position, with the result that the learning process gives way to a general free-for-all in which one man's opinion is as good as another's.

The problem is exacerbated in the humanities and social sciences with their more subjective criteria of judgment; one hardly senses the same difficulties in the clinical sciences. It is unlikely (though anything is possible these days) that medical students will insist on making a diagnosis through majority vote, or that students entering surgery will refuse anaesthesia because they want to participate in decisions that affect their lives and, therefore, demand to choose the surgeon's instruments or tell him where to cut. Obviously, some forms of authority are still respected, and some professionals remain untouched by the incursions of the amateur. In liberal education, however, where the development of the individual assumes such weight and importance, the subordination of mind to material is often looked on as some kind of repression. One begins to understand the current loss of interest in the past, which offers a literature and history verified to some extent by time, and the passionate concern with the immediate present, whose works still remain to be objectively evaluated. When one's educational concerns are contemporary, the material can be subordinated to one's own interests, whether political or aesthetic, as the contemporary literary journalist is often more occupied with his own ideas than with the book he reviews.

Allied to this problem, and compounding it, is the problem of the black students, who are sometimes inclined to reject the customary university curriculum as "irrelevant" to their interests, largely because of its orientation towards "white" culture and history. In its place, they demand courses dealing with the history and achievements of the black man, both in Africa and America. Wherever history or anthropology departments have failed to provide appropriate courses, this is a serious omission and should be rectified: such an omission is an insult not only to black culture but to scholarship itself. But when black students begin clamoring for courses in black law, black business, black medicine, or black theater, then the university is in danger of becoming the instrument of community hopes and aspirations rather than the repository of an already achieved culture. It is only one more step before the university is asked to serve propaganda purposes, usually of an activist nature: a recent course, demanded by black law students at Yale, was to be called something like "white capitalist exploitation of the black ghetto poor."

On the one hand, the demand for "relevance" is an effort to make the university undertake the reparations that society should be paying. On the other, it is a form of solipsism, among both black students and white. And such solipsism is a serious threat to that "disinterestedness" that Matthew Arnold claimed to be the legitimate function of the scholar and the critic. The proper study of mankind becomes contemporary or future man; and the student focuses not on the outside world, past or present, so much as on a parochial corner of his own immediate needs. But this is childish,

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Mr. Brustein *has been drama critic of this journal since 1960, and is dean of the drama school at Yale University and the author of* Seasons of Discontent.

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in addition to being Romantic, reflecting as it does the student's unwillingness to examine or conceive a world beyond the self. And here, the university seems to be paying a debt not of its own making – a debt incurred in the permissive home and the progressive school, where knowledge was usually of considerably less importance than self-expression.

In the schools, particularly, techniques of education always seemed to take precedence over the material to be communicated; lessons in democracy were frequently substituted for training in subjects; and everyone learned to be concerned citizens, often at the sacrifice of a solid education. I remember applying for a position many years ago in such a school. I was prepared to teach English literature, but was told no such subject was being offered. Instead, the students had a course called *Core*, which was meant to provide the essence of literature, history, civics, and the like. The students sat together at a round table to dramatize their essential equality with their instructor; the instructor – or rather, the coordinator, as he was called – remained completely unobtrusive; and instead of determining answers by investigation or the teacher's authority, they were decided upon by majority vote. I took my leave in haste, convinced that I was witnessing democracy totally misunderstood. That misunderstanding has invaded our institutions of higher learning.

For the scholastic habits of childhood and adolescence are now being extended into adulthood. The graduates of the *Core* course, and courses like it, are concentrating on the development of their "life styles," chafing against restrictions of all kinds (words like "coercion" and "co-option" are the current jargon), and demanding that all courses be geared to their personal requirements and individual interests. But this is not at all the function of the university. As Paul Goodman has observed, in *The Community of Scholars*, when you teach the child, you teach the person; when you teach the adolescent, you teach the subject through the person; *but when you teach the adult, you teach the subject*. Behind Goodman's observation lies the assumption that the university student is, or should already be, a developed personality, that he comes to the academy not to investigate his "life style" but to absorb what knowledge he can, and that he is, therefore, preparing himself, through study, research, and contemplation, to enter the community of professional scholars. In resisting this notion, some students reveal their desire to maintain the conditions of childhood, to preserve the liberty they enjoyed in their homes and secondary schools, to extend the privileges of a child- and youth-oriented culture into their mature years. They wish to remain amateurs.

One can see why Goodman has concluded that many of the university young do not deserve the name of students: they are creating conditions in which it is becoming virtually impossible to do intellectual work. In turning their political wrath from the social world, which is in serious need of reform (partly because of a breakdown in professionalism), to the academic world, which still has considerable value as a learning institution, they have determined, on the one hand, that society will remain as venal, as corrupt, as retrogressive as ever, and, on the other hand, that the university will no longer be able to proceed with the work of free inquiry for which it was founded. As an added irony, students, despite their professed distaste for the bureaucratic administration of the university, are now helping to construct – through the insane proliferation of student-faculty committees – a far vaster network of bureaucracy than ever before existed. This, added to their continual meetings, confrontations, and demonstrations – not to mention occupations and sit-ins – is leaving precious little time or energy either for their intellectual development, or for that of the faculty. As a result, attendance at classes has dropped drastically; exams are frequently skipped; and papers and reports are either late, under-researched, or permanently postponed. That the university needs improvement goes without saying. And students have been very helpful in breaking down its excesses of impersonality and attempting to sever its ties with the military-industrial complex. But students need improvement too, which they are hardly receiving through all this self-righteous bustle over power. That students should pay so much attention to this activity creates an even more serious problem: the specter of an ignorant, uninformed group of graduates or dropouts who (when they finally leave the academic sanctuary) are incompetent to deal with society's real evils or to function properly in professions they have chosen to enter.

It is often observed that the word *amateur* comes from the Latin verb, to love – presumably because the amateur is motivated by passion rather than money. Today's amateur, however, seems to love not his subject but himself. And his assault on authority – on the application of professional standards in judgment of his intellectual development – is a strategy to keep this self-love unalloyed. The permanent dream of this nation, a dream still to be realized, has been a dream of equal opportunity – the right of each man to discover wherein he might excel. But this is quite different from that sentimental egalitarianism which assumes that each man excels in everything. There is no blinking the fact that some people are brighter than others, some more beautiful, some more gifted. Any other conclusion is a degradation of the democratic dogma and promises a bleak future if universally insisted on – a future of monochromatic amateurism in which everybody has opinions, few have facts, nobody has an idea.

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Observations of an Itinerant Yugoslav

America the Poetical, and Otherwise

by Aleksandar Nejgebauer

"You know, we were always told Communists were terrible." What a line of poetry! It was spoken by one of two elderly gentlemen of Iowa City who were fishing in the local river, just as my wife and I were. Startled at first by a stranger's address, they soon thawed into pleasant conversation. Why spoil the beauty of their parting remark with comment? My post-liberal academic friends in America would probably write them off as rustic "squares," but they were o.k. with me. More menacing, I thought, was the case of Robert Grenier, a young Iowa poet who had a shed full of empty beer cans his landlord was not supposed to see, because beer-drinking "isn't nice" and only "nice" people could be his tenants.

One might say, with Williiam Blake, that to generalize – about the United States – is to be an idiot. For example, Iowa City is one of the last strongholds of Prohibition, having only one state liquor store. On the other hand, half its population is made up of students and faculty of the University of Iowa – a powerful academic community with views and standards quite unlike the permanent residents'. Moreover, the English Department there is unique, with its Writers' Workshop, active for over 25 years, and the recently founded International Writing Program. Both are creations of the farsighted enthusiasm of Paul Engle, and the efforts of many young talents. True, one hears mixed reports from and about younger writers who spent a year or more at the Workshop (possibly half of the best living US poets have been through it). My own impression of the Workshop, and of the International Program, which is more exciting now because of its daring novelty, is – they are schools of writing and communication between writers, and just like any other school they do not make writers; but they help them find, and stick to, the road to fulfillment.

Though generalities fail, patterns emerge. The Middle West lies between the centrifugal force of the two seaboard centers, San Francisco and New York. The San Francisco Renaissance is over, but the Bay Area still has the best climate for poetry. It is not just a matter of comparing poetic worthies. There is something quickening in Northern California living, with its flexibility and affluence, and a natural sweetness in people in keeping with the city's patron saint (though old residents complain of a toughening of manners, and the annual crime rate has steadily increased). The magic quality of the Bay Area is not European, nor is it mainly due to cosmopolitan openness, of which New York has more. It is a simultaneous offering and expectation of pleasure in contacts with people.

I found this most vividly present at the Columbus and Broadway intersection in North Beach on New Year's Eve of 1968. Merry people, mostly young, exchanged congratulations, smiles and kisses with absolute strangers – their day-to-day mode merely intensified. Occasional middle-aged groups, marching by without giving anybody a look, could not change the general mood. But the police could, and did. They were there all the time – mounted, on motorcycles, in cars with bullhorns, on foot in groups. At exactly half past midnight they demanded that the merrymakers unblock the traffic, and pressed them bodily back to the sidewalks. Nobody was in the mood for protest, and soon the intersection was deserted. Why not have detoured the negligible traffic for one or two more hours? Why shove around a jolly crowd of sons and daughters of the Land of the Free who meant no harm? The police had their orders, to be sure. But what of the ideology (if any) behind the orders? Could it still be the enduring Puritan mistrust of

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human nature, especially the body? The disruption of a thing of beauty by force had been more understandable, though no less sad, when undertaken by a few black youths who walked into the Gallery Lounge of San Francisco State College on December 6, 1967, and attempted to break up the "Community of Poets" – a kind of poetic oratorio. When Mark Linenthal, Director of the College's Poetry Center, offered them the microphone, they hesitated for several painful moments. At last one found the courage to take it and say "You can all go home now." The reading went on. Meanwhile, black young men and "radical" white students were breaking into the closed administration building, bullying classes, wrecking the cafeteria, setting fire to the library. To the black students (and non-students), this was all clear enough. If you cannot enjoy the flower of verbal culture, pull it up. If your boss gives you hell, go beat up your old mother. If it is the whole white boss system, beat up your alma mater. The more liberal she, the better.

The pity is in the poetry. The San Francisco Poetry Center is the finest in the country, not only because it attracts more interesting poets of all schools and persuasions than even the "Y" or the Guggenheim in New York, or because it has more experts and enthusiasts on the staff; it also has large, sympathetic and discriminating audiences that make it all worth doing. It is too bad if a racial minority cannot return the love of the gentlest minds of its generation. It can save itself only by overcoming (not overcompensating for) the pity and self-pity.

This is not idle moralizing. On a mournful day, I saw it could be done. Two gifted black poets, June Meyer and Clarence Major, were about to begin a reading at St. Mark's Church-in-the-Bowery in New York, on April 4, 1968, when the news came of the assassination of Martin Luther King. In an atmosphere of painful consternation they went ahead with the reading. Some of their poems were militant, but neither of them made a single allusion to the event during the reading. This was black power at its finest. Though friends can never equal in grief the next of kin, their share is not to be denied. And here it wasn't.

In spite of intimations of a horror story, the comic spirit still presides over the American way of life, with its freedom from Old World claustrophobia and from oppressive traditions of rank and decorum. The spirit revealed itself to me on the poetic level – supreme in Kenneth Koch, spurting sporadically in the new poems of Allen Ginsberg and Ed Sanders – but also in various other guises. I remember a Thanksgiving dinner near San Francisco, with a quarreling and drinking duel between the aged host and his much younger wife. Then there was the culture party in Los Angeles, where an amiable ghost-writer who had brought us as special guests was asked by the hostess to leave, as a result of something that started as a quarrel over the value of Hungarian folk-dances. Then came the MAD-magazine-style campaign of the Arthur Murray Studio, bent inexorably on teaching my wife and me how to dance properly. I still treasure their Special New Student Gift Certificate Good for a $35.00 Dance Course – printed mostly in green to give you the feel of real dollars. (On the other hand, this shows the openness of the Great Consumer Society: a number in the phone book is enough to hook you as a member.) And of course I could not quite avoid the round-the-clock burlesque of TV and radio commercials. I was fairly tolerant of their aggressive and pornographic aspects (like the *Buy Now* yells and the *Mmms* and *Aaahs* selling you soaps and lotions); but when they cut right into reports on casualties in Vietnam, and particularly when their "special messages" interrupted news about the critical condition of Senator Robert F. Kennedy after the shooting, I felt they were obscene, and wonder who else did.

I was surprised to find many progressive Americans suffering from an End-of-the-World obsession. (By *progressive* I mean those who prefer peace to war, love to hate, and human dignity to oppressive law and order.) They had a vague feeling that things were becoming unbearable in the USA, and that some kind of blowup was imminent; whether more protests, race riots, a major war, or a revolution, no one could tell. Anyway, it made them think seriously of leaving the country. (This is a form of left-wing paranoia, more serious than the ravings of the "underground" press, and not unlike its right-wing equivalent. As for the silent center, it is hard to tell if it is healthy before it wakes up.) Coming from Yugoslavia, I could not help smiling. Human nature, social struc-

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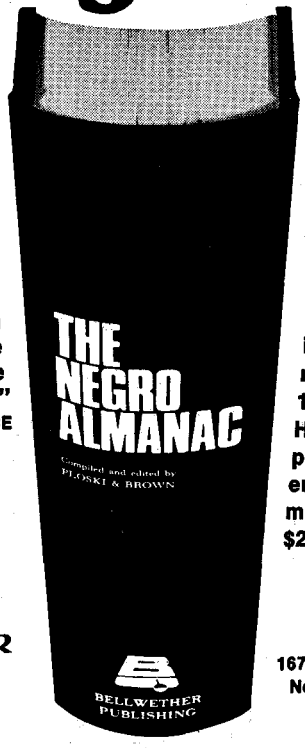

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tures and states can bear much more stress than that.

This is not to say that the malaise among American intellectuals (including students), and of course the black minority, is trivial. In a way, I agree with the Berkeley poet-professor Thomas Parkinson that it is a fallacious European cliché to believe that Americans have not really suffered, since the Civil War at least. There are, no doubt, countless individual American tragedies, as well as the group tragedy of black racial awareness. Still, this is vastly different from collective existential breakdowns, in which your city, your country, your nationality can cease to exist – accompanied by starvation, the occupying forces' lawless terror, gallows and gas-chambers for tens and hundreds of thousands. The cure for these feelings about American socio-political evils may lie partly in discovering how it is, or has been, with other nations.

I did find a Brave New World, in Shakespeare's sense, not Huxley's: the generation under 30, who may live to avert the nuclear tempest and to disregard their elders' forgiven sins. Indeed, they are the ones to be trusted (though not always to be asked for advice), in spite of their present-oriented hedonism. This is a natural result of permissive affluence combined with repulsive or menacing prospects, not a sign of decadence. Perhaps the most striking feature of the young is their gentle sweetness. Instead of the aggressive middle-class quacking, one hears unemphatically soft speech; instead of cocksureness (in its pre-Lawrentian sense) and the I-know-how-to-handle-you approach, they have tentative, tender ways, in tune with Yeats's admonition: "Tread softly, because you tread on my dreams." Characteristically, this is also true of young campus radicals who talk Mao, Che and Revolution.

The difference is more than the perennial one between tender youth and tough maturity; it involves a historical opposition between two generations. The pushing, hard, "making it" life-style of the post-depression generation of parents, including big bosses and Hollywood stars, is hopelessly bourgeois: they all had to work or worry or crack up for what they got. On the other hand, the anxious-easy, harmlessly irreverent, existentially aestheticized style of their children is definitely post-bourgeois. Setting aside the quasi-feudal Old South, the present young generation is the first real aristocracy of the United States. For this is what "gentle" birth meant in medieval Europe: to be born above the rat race, to develop the higher graces, rather than vulgar shrewdness. I do not mean the Hippies, or whatever they now prefer to call themselves: they are merely the drop-out catalyst, not the cutting-edge, of the generation which is increasingly hip-oriented. The so-called psychedelic revolution is a somewhat inflated term reflecting a confusion of cause and effect: the great change was the recent rise of the youth aristocracy, whereas the spread of consciousness - expanding (- blurring, -distorting, -damaging?) drugs is only a currently overexploited mode of existential experimentation.

The youth aristocracy is far from being invulnerable and perfect. For one thing, it is entirely dependent on affluence and peace, both beyond its control. No one can rejoice at the high venereal disease and hepatitis rates among the free-loving stoned; and case histories of habitual users of the new drugs will hopefully not be complete until the turn of the century. On the creative level, the stammering, not very articulate, often sloppily colloquial speech of US college kids is a bit disappointing, for all the radical gentleness of their tone. And yet, they are beautiful – a generation without a built-in mechanism of hostile hardness, bringing a new lease of life to the romantic belief in the essential goodness of man.

Paradoxically, the young stand for some of the traditional American values: mobility, freedom of individual conscience, exploration of nature and the pursuit of happiness. "Doing your own thing" is a modern rephrasing of the American dream. Even when they strike out in apparently un-American directions – tribal living and doped mysticism, exploring American Indian and Oriental lore – they do so in the pioneer spirit of discovery; and psychedelics really means a new frontier of the mind. I can appreciate that

Worldliness

Worldliness is your enemy.
Never think otherwise.
It does not tolerate for long
love that you love.
From where the pure lament
played on ancient instruments?
To what is a sob a response?
Trumpets lift our spirits up. To where?
The world is entangled with
continued decay and death.
It courts but abhors
the opposite it needs.
Entrapped in its laws
it ravages love,
hacks at truth,
weeping, weeping it must do
what is incumbent upon it to do!

How moving to think
that from time to time
a white horse does come
bringing a beautiful
redeemer in human form.

ARTHUR GREGOR

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it will probably take the Establishment some time to adjust their view of the classical American youth cult to the facts of a dynamic new generation. Predictably, poets have proved far more sensitive. No major individual poet or group since the advent of the beats has been able to remain quite outside the new consciousness – the breakthrough after the numbness of the cold war and McCarthy era, at first hysterical, then subsiding into an indefinite cultural malaise in the early sixties, only to burst forth with the beginning of the Vietnam war in a mixture of protest, search for alternative identities, and celebration of fundamental values such as sex and individual freedom. What keeps poets around 40 within the "trusted" age group is their kinship of awareness with those under 30: self-indulgence, mind-expansion, political protest are *in*: rational complexity, irony, depersonalizing self-control are *out*. This is how the era of new criticism and aloof "academic" poetry came to an end, though some highly accomplished artists like Richard Wilbur and Anthony Hecht have continued polishing their poetic sarcophagi.

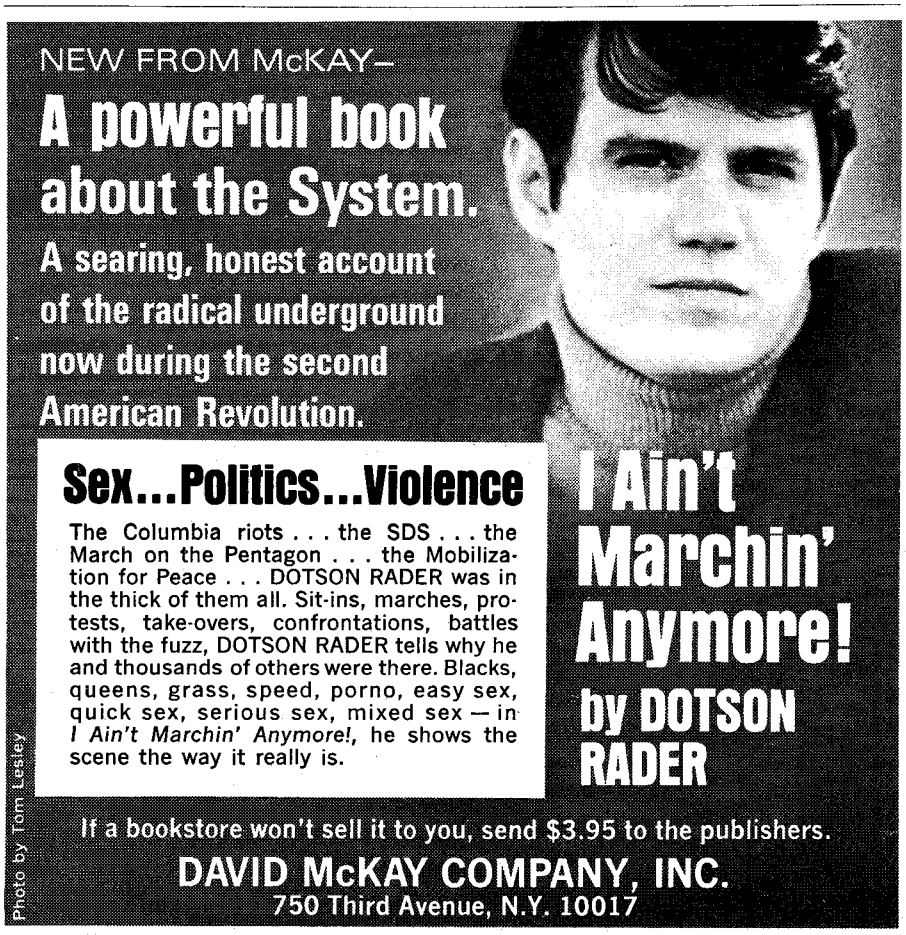
Against this shifting background stands the statuesque figure of Robert Lowell, America's best European poet. A traditionalist with a vengeance, he has successfully disposed of not only the New England mystique, but more weightily of the New Roman's burden – the ludicrously self-congratulatory equation between Imperial Rome and his own country. Too much has been made of his "confessional" stage: he is far more interesting, and original, in his "imitations" and "versions" of earlier poets. Moreover, as a satiric poet he has no peer. His tart, hard-hitting New England variant of *saeva indignatio* in poems like "For the Union Dead," "Central Park" and "Near the Ocean" has the force of final pronouncement.

But if the United States as the last hope for a better Europe is a dead end, where does one turn? American poets have rummaged every corner and era of the earth for patterns of identity and creativity, and have come up with Hinduism, Zen Buddhism, Shamanism, Syrian gnosticism, theosophy, astrology, Provençal troubadours, Dante, German expressionism and what not. The results of this supermarket approach to culture (initiated by Pound and Eliot) vary greatly in significance. The Christian faith (mainly Roman Catholicism) should be mentioned as the framework of meaning or point of departure for such fine poets as Brother Antonius, Thomas Merton and John Logan. But Christianity is not the right mythology for the United States, in spite of statistical data on church attendance and statements of belief.

In the welter of influence three main groups stand out. They are groups not so much of poetic trends as of attitudes to the culture religion of a new America: the zealots, the atheists and the sceptics.

The zealots are split in two sects: one includes Gary Snyder, Allen Ginsberg and their followers; the other, the Black Mountain group. Snyder has built his impressive poetic world around logging and Zen monastic discipline, in California and Japan. In his work, Far West meets Far East, and human relationships melt into a vast panorama of almost untouched ecology. This increasingly non-American world is his dreamworld come true in personal life and art: therefore he is a healthy individual, a romantic poet, and a cultural psychotic. Converted into practical terms, his plea for American tribal living, free sex and ample dope is so extreme as to appear ludicrous, except as a huge *Week-end in the Wilderness* tourist project. Ginsberg's dual role as Oriental prophet and as US schlemiel with bells, beads and *Hare Krishna* in the middle of urban pop-chaos is less radical but more workable. As for the Black Mountain poets – Charles Olson, Robert Duncan, Denise Levertov and Robert Creeley – their creed seems to be "No ideas but in the American grain," building on the idea of an autochthonous verbal consciousess and on the American experience as it is. Their meticulous concern with "organic" form is quite unlike the apparent anti-aesthetic carelessness of Ginsberg and his post-beat confrères.

At the other extreme are the poets of the New York School, poetic atheists who do not seem to believe in the literary afterlife, completely absorbed in the present moment as lived by their "crowd." Their pop-camp-homo-heterosexual sophistication and wit rely heavily on in-group references and New York art life. They are not provincial and shifty, as their detractors would have it; they are damned. They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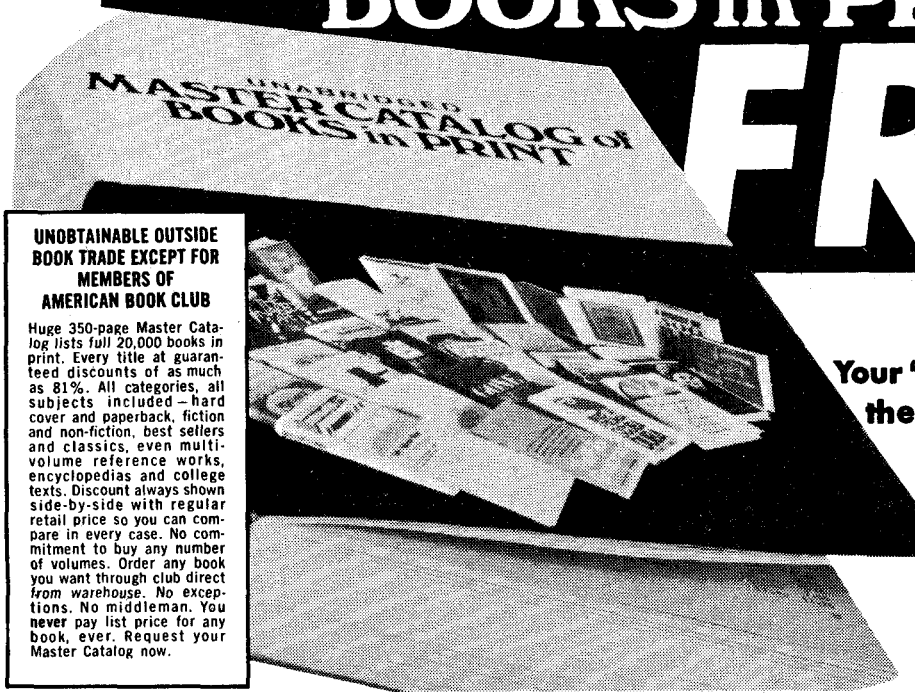

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might as well call themselves the New Babylon School. But then it is more fun to associate with sinners than with saints. Though these poets are very proud of their younger followers, I still prefer the Founding Dads – Kenneth Koch, John Ashbery, and the late Frank O'Hara.

The sceptics differ from other diffident searchers for poetic salvation in that their efforts, though deeply personal, tend to evolve a new national consciousness, or at least to deplore the absence of any. They combine tantalizing introspection with *thinking for* people, clearly a social concern. Many are experientially tied to the Middle West (Robert Bly, James Wright) or to the Northwest (William Stafford), but a rising younger poet of this brand, Morton Marcus, is a New York-born Californian (with the Iowa City experience). Though far from being an organized group, these poets speak *for* more Americans than any others, though not yet *to* nearly so many.

Blake's dictum comes again to the happily classifying mind. What of the throbbing elegance of W. S. Merwin, the unabashed Southern eloquence of James Dickey, the Viennese-American inwardness of Arthur Gregor, the disarmingly frank pop- and sex stories of Edward Field? Their poetry is as good as any that can be more readily put into large categories. And there are many others.

Thus, "Of Being Numerous" (the title of George Oppen's clear-sighted latest book of poems) remains the American poet's refrain – a facet of God's plenty, still largely unintegrated in more than race. It was visible, tangible on Coney Island on a weekend last April, and even more forcefully so in the Bronx Zoo on Easter Day: to tell the truth, I mainly watched the people. *E pluribus unum* remains a distant goal. But in an age of automation human diversity is the best hope.

Stephen Koch: **Warhol**

"I never wanted to be a painter.
I wanted to be a tap dancer."

A party is in progress, and lots of sleek-looking people stand artfully around; glasses clink, there's the genteel rumble of talk, people are circulating a little faster than they ought. The faces seem vaguely famous; the memory squints, unsuccessfully trying to bring into focus who or what they are. But it doesn't work, they aren't famous enough. This is an art-world party, the art world being a subculture where fame (I don't mean merit) is a somewhat superior brand of chic. But suddenly – the moment seems timed by a master of the inevitable but unexpected entrance – a man arrives with an entourage. Like an automatic transmission shifting silently upward, the whole room responds to that *really* famous silvered hair, the dark glasses, and leather jacket. Around him orbit, say, a couple of rather battered guys dressed in next week's super-clothes and two or three ostentatiously depraved girls with hair that looks like it was yanked out of a Brillo box. Without letting anybody notice, everybody takes a quick glance toward what is now the center. The rumble of voices remains unchanged, but the environment of the party has been made to cohere. Glasses clink. A scene has been made.

I have no intention of arguing that any of Andy Warhol's paintings or graphic works – or for that matter, any of his films, with the thoroughly ambivalent exception of "The Chelsea Girls" – has much intrinsic artistic value; they are merely objects on the scene. On the contrary, what Warhol *does* – the acts and artifacts considered in themselves – is finally not very interesting at all. Everything he does depends on its context, wherein an insignificant action may suddenly be made to *signify*, point to its environ-

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ment, and thus become astonishingly transformed. For the past eight years, Warhol has been radiating (rather than creating or acting out) a weirdly passive "existential" – ontological – drama with its vital artistic interest. The drama in some ways reached its climax last summer, when this man who makes a point of utter passivity and renunciation of the masculine principle was shot down by a man-hating woman who had apparently become – what else? – entirely dependent on him. "I feel different now," Warhol said after recuperating. "I used to think everybody was always kidding."

Warhol is a sweet, silent, pathologically mild-mannered guy with an intuitive genius for stepping into the mainstream of philosophy, art, aesthetic history, and the sociology of both media and the image in our time, and simply standing there, as if he were in a chic living room, at their exact point of convergence. For somebody who has written and talked about so much, Warhol has received very little intelligent criticism; though as an artist for whom the work is almost nothing and its context almost everything, he ought to be especially interesting to intellectuals, whose job after all can virtually be defined as the articulation of contexts. Most writers agree that Warhol's gift is not fundamentally plastic but theatrical; that he has a cool uncanny knack for locating objects and himself within the environments proper to them, simultaneously defining that environment and "creating" the object's status within it. Fewer writers remark that this gift is not fundamentally "creative" in the Promethean sense, but rather a species of preternaturally good taste ("People are so fantastic," he once said. "You can't take a bad picture"); or that this good taste is closer to the "art" of the interior decorator or scene designer than it is to Cézanne. But almost nobody notices that Warhol's art has a remarkable relevance to certain traditions and metaphors about art and the artist that have dominated important aspects of Western cultural life at least since Baudelaire, or that Warhol's style speaks to and through those traditions with an ultra-naive and often staggering economy of means.

The first big Warholvian *coup de théâtre* imitated Marcel Duchamp by inducing people to look at Coke bottles, Campbell's soup cans, and Brillo boxes

From a Litany

Let the shark keep to the shelves and closets of coral.
Let cats throw over their wisdom.
Let the noble horse who rocks under the outlaw's ass
eat plastic turf.
For no creature is safe.
Let the great sow of state grow strong.
Let those in office search under their clothes for the
private life.
They will find nothing.
Let them gather together and hold hands.
They shall have nothing to hold.
Let the black suited priests stand for the good life.
Let them tell us to be more like them.
For that is the nature of the sickness.
Let the bodies of debutantes gleam like frigidaires.
For they shall have sex with food.
Let flies sink into their mother's thighs and go blind
in the trenches of meat.
Let the patient unmask the doctor and swim in the gray
milk of his mind.
For nothing will keep.
Let the bleak faces of the police swell like yeast.
Let breezes run like sauce over their skins.
For this kingdom is theirs.
Let a violet cloak fall on the bleached hair of the poetess.
Let twilight cover the lost bone of her passion.
For her moon is ambition.
Let the dusty air release its sugars.
Let candy the color of marlin flesh build up on the tables.
For everyone's mouth is open.
Let the wind devise secrets and leave them in trees.
Let the earth such at roots and discover the emblems of
weather.

MARK STRAND

Oak Openings

The "I have" poem
(Have been, seen, done)
Is followed by the "What about it?" poem.
There is plenty new under the sun,
This poem says, but what's
So new about the new?

It is not as if the attention
Steadily encroaches
Upon the encircling dark;
The circle about the torch is
Moving, it opens new
Glades by obscuring old ones.

Twigs crack under foot, as the tread
Changes. The forge-ahead style
Of our earliest ventures flags;
It becomes, as mile follows mile
Inexhaustibly, an exhausted
Wavering trudge, the explorer's.

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through that special "aesthetic" modality of perception reserved for looking at things which are functionless. Look at, say a telephone, physically effacing its function. It will become something new. Ever since Duchamp's dadaist jokes with the urinal and the bottle rack, we've known that scrutiny can aestheticize any object in this way; all that's required is a simple shift of gears in consciousness.

The Duchampian game in which objects are aestheticized merely by turning to them with a certain glint in your eye does have continuing value, though not as the comical "anti-art" polemic so often ascribed to it. Nothing is deader than a dead joke, and the chic giggles over Duchamp's bottle-rack died out half a century ago. But like its companion movement, surrealism, the Duchampian dimensions of dada left behind something more important: new possibilities of metaphor. If you look at any object through the aestheticizing Duchampian prism, you are likely to be made peculiarly aware of the process of looking itself, conscious not merely of the object but also of the *feel*, the nature, the very matrix and interplay of your perceptions. The object thus will refer you again to yourself and your own personal capacity to transform objects and their environment.

It is possible to understand this rather specialized aesthetic experience as a metaphor, in consciousness, for the perception of things at large, in which the unlike things compared and fused are the self and the world. This is a process which found its great bard in Wallace Stevens, and it has enormous importance not only for Stevens' poetry, but for significant sectors of modern painting, sculpture, music – as well as film, where the aesthetic shades (or rather, leaps) into the kinesthetic, gripping the sensorium from Eisenstein to Kubrick's "2001" to the wonderful stomach-flipping automobile chase in "Bullitt." It is a major modernist procedure for creating metaphors, and an anti-romantic one, since it locates the world of art's richness not in Baudelaire's Elsewhere but in the here and now. At least almost.

Warhol goes further. He wants to be transformed into an object himself, quite explicitly wants to remove himself from the dangerous, anxiety-ridden world of human action and interaction, to wrap himself in the serene fullness of the functionless aesthetic sphere. Desiring the glamorous peace of existing only in the eye of the beholder, he tries to become a celebrity, a star, making no bones at all about his preference for objecthood over being human. "Machines have less problems," he once told an interviewer. "I'd like to be a machine, wouldn't you?" Another time: "The reason I'm painting this way is I want to be a machine. I think it would be teriffic if everybody was alike." Another time: "I love Los Angeles . . . I love Hollywood . . . Everybody's plastic – but I love plastic. I want to be plastic." And again: "I still care about people but it would be easier not to care. . . . It's too hard to care. . . . I don't want to get too close . . . I don't like to touch things. . . . That's why my work is so distant from myself."

Warhol's self-transformation into an object – into that plastic machine which is the sixties' ultimate, exemplary celebrity – is possible only because of his extreme fame. Being famous is one of the things his career is all about – fame and passivity are the two themes that dominate everything he does. "In the future," he once remarked in an almost spectacularly brilliant aphorism, "everybody will be world-famous for at least fifteen minutes." Just as the bottle rack became art by being placed in the context of art (a context created above all by the media) Warhol *is* Pop Art. And just as the bottle rack has no intrinsic interest, the famous man has done nothing to deserve his fame except to become famous and then rest passive within it. This is by no means easy to do, but nonetheless the coveted prize is won not by action but a kind of framed inaction. In fact, Warhol's career is part of – is the culmination of – that continuing critique of the man of action, which has played its dual role in the history of art and masculinity since Baudelaire. Warhol always succeeds because he never tries. As with the tycoon, failure is not in his vocabulary. He is the last dandy.

Baudelaire wrote:

> "The character of the dandy's beauty consists above all in the cold appearance which comes from the unshakable resolution not to be moved; one might say the latent fire which makes itself felt, and which might, but does not wish to, shine forth."

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The remark suggests what might be called a style of latency, an art of the immanent underlying both the soup cans and those meek, blank stares from behind the dark glasses. Transforming himself into the object-celebrity, Warhol has made a commitment to the Baudelairian "resolution not to be moved" – an effort to ensconce himself in the aesthetic realm's transparent placenta, removed from the violence and emotions of the world's time and space. So Warhol turns out to be a romantic, after all. But the world's violence and emotions are also located within the aestheticized human-object himself, just as they are immanent within the "eye of the beholder," who half-sees, half-imagines them swarming there just beneath the quiet surface: ("we have cops coming up here all the time," he says. "They think we are doing awful things and we aren't"). The pale cold light Baudelaire saw repressed within the dandy is the fire of life itself – whose latency, in this context, brings the category of art into being.

And so, as a super-celebrity, Warhol lives out the metaphoric distinction between life and art in the eyes of the Beautiful People, his beholders. Famous for being famous, he is a pure image. This, too, is part of that ontological drama I mentioned. Ever since Pirandello at least, a metaphor for questions of being and authenticity of identity has been working its way through modern consciousness, in the form of the idea of the theater and in images of theatricalism. The theatrical distinction between actor and audience is analagous to the metaphoric distinction between life and art, and between the object and the beholder. Turning the theatrical metaphor into the life of a celebrity, Warhol becomes its last embodiment. Nobody turns to the theater for his dream box anymore, but millions dream of celebrity, celebrity for anything. The scramble for it is like a fight for a life raft among a throng drowning in the sea of inexistence. But Warhol doesn't fight. He floats.

Some final words about the relevance of all this to Warhol's interest in movies. Until recently, his movies have remained pretty consistently within the limited social and intellectual ambience of the plastic arts, where his shift from painting to films (around 1966) has been taken very seriously as a commentary on the future of the object and of easel painting as art. But his early films, *Eat*, *Sleep*, *Star*, etc., were of objects, or nearly so. They were absolutely nontheatrical and eventless. When shown, their single effect was to make Warhol more of a celebrity and more of an object. He himself never appears in these films; the "stars" are humble anonymities stared at forever by a camera eye, which has, as opposed to most cinematography, ceased to mimic the lightness and curiosity and life of human looking, and is instead an object's eye. In these movies, the camera eye – Warhol's own – fulfills itself as machine, just as Warhol's public desire to be a machine is fulfilled while his painter's eye grinds on forever, endlessly recording an "objective" dead reality. The Duchampian situation is compounded and made reflexive.

But at a certain point Warhol's movies came alive, to become a kind of sexualized *cinéma verité*. Rather than "act" (since in any sense of the word, he never allows himself to act) Warhol retained his passivity by being the "director," which consists of letting the camera run while members of his vast, ever-changing entourage pile up on or near a bed and play at being themselves, which they sometimes do with marvelous pyrotechnic grace. It is a mindless cinematic transformation of Pirandello, in which the author for whom the characters are searching stands off-camera, utterly inert, letting the film run on and on, never opening the possibility of failure by attempting to act himself. In his few walk-ons, Warhol is always the only figure on the screen who seems out of place. "Acting" is something left to mere subordinates, and through that quiescence, Warhol remains the superstar who outshines them all.

Passivity above all. Immobility is action. The loser wins. In one of his most famous films, *Star*, Warhol simply let the camera run for eight hours on the Empire State Building. Somewhere along the line he is reported to have exclaimed "The Empire State Building is a star!" making a metaphor of his own for a change. This person who has made himself into an object, turned the building into a person, while the eye of the beholder idiotically ran on and on. The camera and the big building stood there together, serving as a final metaphor for the relation between object and perceiver in the Baudelairian aesthetic during this strange, glamorous gasp of its decadence. But of course, the Empire State Building was already a metaphor in most people's minds, Warhol's undoubtedly included. The great phallus of the torn urban pastoral landscape rises up to penetrate – what? To penetrate most of the electronic media channels of the United States, and the empty evening sky.

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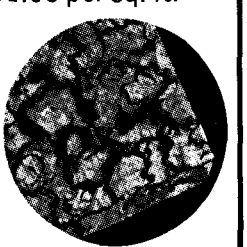

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Ernest Hemingway: A Life Story by Carlos Baker

(Scribner's; $10)

Ernest Hemingway: A Life Story tells so inconclusive a tale about so narrowly conceived a life that it is hard to acknowledge Baker's virtues without seeming smug. Commend his factual abundance, and you seem to be praising unglamorous gifts like industry and perseverance; whereas the abundance is so striking that one means a more handsome compliment. During seven years, Baker examined nearly 2,000 letters and unnumbered manuscripts yet to be published, and interviewed or corresponded with so many people that his acknowledgments run to four pages of names in Lilliputian type, his documentation to 102 pages. Commend his easy prose, with its unobtrusive quotations, and you seem to imply a mechanical fluency; whereas the fluent conveying of so much evidence raises craft to the level of art. Commend Baker's sharp eye for lies, and you seem to be calling him a detective; whereas Hemingway's exaggeration makes detection the prerequisite of insight.

Yet Baker hasn't used the information himself, but only assembled it. In his foreword (the only extended passage of interpretation), he maintains that this biography isn't "definitive," "critical," or dominated by a "thesis." But must we really wait, as he tells us, till the year 2000 for a definitive study of Hemingway's life, even though all definitions are understood to be provisional? In view of his earlier interpretive study (his motive for neglecting Hemingway's fiction now) – with its comparison of *For Whom the Bell Tolls* to the *Iliad* and its characterization of *Across the River and into the Trees* as "a prose poem with a remarkably complex emotional structure, on the theme of the three ages of man" – we have reason to applaud Baker's critical reticence. But since he admits that Hemingway is important for his work rather than his life, we cannot excuse a book that neglects the former, giving us little more than publication details, reviews, and the like. Baker depends on "certain patterns of attitude and behavior [which] emerge clearly from the mosaic of Hemingway's life. . . ." Dumping the pieces in our lap, he invites the construction of our own Hemingway, out of the accidents of our interest and the vagaries of attention.

Leitmotifs resound: repeated accidents, Hemingway's life-long obsession with suicide, his hatred of rivals and kindness to common folk. Even when a trait had been well-known, Baker's copious documentation inspires new understanding. But Baker is so mutely objective that the understanding is too much our own. Hemingway's anti-Semitism, his embellished tales of maternal hostility, his maltreatment of benefactors, all suggest paranoia, but perhaps this conclusion is extreme; Baker also cites evidence of magnanimity. Why doesn't he render a judgment? Can it be a neutral matter that fiction driven by the fear of death may have been the reflection of paranoid sensibility? Baker reports Hemingway's anger that the galleys of *Death in the Afternoon* were all marked "4 Gal 80 . . . 3404 Hemingway's Death 11½ – 14 Scotch" ("DID IT SEEM VERY FUNNY TO SLUG EVERY GALLEY HEMINGWAY'S DEATH," he wired his editor, "OR WAS THAT WHAT YOU WANTED?"), and we are tantalized. Yet rather than attempting to lend perspective, Baker reports this as one anecdote among many, no more dramatically than he reports the overfamiliar fight with Max Eastman, the friendship with Marlene Dietrich, the maneuvering to silence critics. Baker is stupefyingly lavish with names of Hemingway's acquaintances, details of meals eaten, fish caught and game bagged.

The biography's faults and virtues are most evident in passages devoted to Hemingway and women. In his effort to expose the author's tall-tales about manliness, Baker denies Hemingway's assertion of precocious sexuality, and locates his initiation at the unremarkable age of 20, an experience commemorated two years later in perhaps the first of Hemingway's characteristic stories ("Up in Michigan"). But Baker merely describes the event that Hemingway fictionalized and moves on quickly to his next anecdote.

Reading "Up in Michigan" in the light of Baker's chronicle, one makes an interesting discovery, for the story recounts Hemingway's dockside intercourse with a "pretty and forward" waitress from the *waitress'* point of view. Moreover, the heroine, who is less forward than romantic, is initiated in a decidedly unpleasant manner, after which her mundane lover immediately falls asleep. The story's last sentence reads: "A cold mist was coming up through the woods from the bay." What is more remarkable here: the fact, which Baker cites, that the story's frank description of intercourse made it difficult to publish, or that its avowedly lusty author celebrated his first lay by imagining himself into the mind of his partner, for the purpose of showing that sex isn't what it's cracked up to be?

That sexual desire might not have been Hemingway's primary interest in love is suggested by Baker's general description of him as ladies' man, as well as by specific facts, such as his coincident resentment against his mother and penchant for older women. Hemingway chronically exaggerated his mother's indifference (though she did offend him by disapproving of his work, so did his father without alienating his affection), and his two crucial loves were both eight years older than himself. Furthermore, each woman was markedly solicitous; literally so in the case of Agnes von Kurowsky, who was Hemingway's nurse as he recovered from his first, traumatic war-wound, and who was immortalized as Catherine Barkley even though she had spurned her celebrant in real life. Though Agnes and Hemingway's first wife, Hadley, are the only women he ever regretted losing, he lost both of them.

In Hadley's case, there is evidence to suggest a reason, and Baker nods in its direction when he traces the marital breakdown. In a rare attempt to read literature via life, Baker briefly sur-

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mises that Hemingway represented himself and Hadley in a story entitled "Cat in the Rain." It tells of an American woman who leaves her hotel room, while it is raining, to obtain a cat. Disappointed at not finding it, she quarrels with her husband, because, as we infer from their characteristically laconic dialogue, she wants to be feminine, have a baby, and live a regular life, whereas he likes her hair bobbed and cares no more for her coveted life-style than for the animal. By way of conclusion, the wife gets her surrogate child – from the courteous hotel-owner. Later in the year during which Hemingway began fictionalizing this episode, his first son was born, and less than three years after that, his marriage was over. Baker reports that Hemingway never much liked fatherhood, but this fact is noted in a different context.

When Hemingway divorced Hadley in order to marry Pauline Pfeiffer, his guilt, according to Baker, was so great that it delayed the marriage even after he was free to proceed. But the stories Baker cites as proof suggest that Hemingway had some other motive for not wishing to remarry. "A Canary for One," in which Baker finds reflection of Ernest and Hadley's sad return from Antibes, reserves its contempt for the central character (an overbearing American mother who wrecked her daughter's romance) and ignores the Hemingway surrogate. The hero of "In Another Country," Baker's second piece of evidence, laments the loss of his wife, but in so doing proves his undying love for her. If these stories are connected with guilt feelings, the first displaces and the second denies them.

Hemingway's reluctance to marry Pauline is no more curious than his willingness to relinquish Hadley. Pauline was very aggressive, but why was Ernest acquiescent, particularly in view of his readiness to return to Hadley even during the period between his divorce and remarriage? Was it passion for Pauline, or a distaste for domesticity, a refusal to care for rather than be cared for, that made Hadley as mother so much less appealing than as loyal young wife? In any case, Hemingway had reason to expect devotion at this point in his life, in the fullness of his first success. And Pauline was ready to give it, through her adoration and her family's financial resources. Suggestively, Hemingway confessed to

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having been attracted not by Pauline, but by her fur coat, and in "The Snows of Kilimanjaro" Pauline is fairly openly accused of having ruined her writer-husband with money. Moreover, when their marriage broke up because Hemingway had found still another woman, he lamented, above all, that Pauline would no longer be able to criticize his manuscripts.

According to Baker, Hemingway was as likely to balk in adultery as in marriage, except his affair with Martha Gellhorn. Their relationship was exceptional in other ways; for Miss Gellhorn was younger than her future husband and highly competitive, both in courage and in writing. He met her at the height of his fame, and they were, in effect, comrades during the Spanish Civil War. He therefore commemorated her, in contrast to his normal practice, *before* the marriage (as Dorothy Bridges in *The Fifth Column*), but only to have an alter-ego explain his motive for the liaison in the following words: "I want to make an absolutely colossal mistake." Mistake it was, for Martha was not so content to take a secondary role as Hadley and Pauline had been, and the marriage, marked by infrequent intimacy, was both stormy and short-lived.

Hemingway's fourth wife was also a writer, but Mary Welsh was more interested in Hemingway than in her career. During the years of this marriage, he seemed to enter a world he had always sought, in which he dominated not only the affections of his wife but those of a heterogeneous entourage that almost literally turned him into a paterfamilias. Typical of this period is a long incomplete novel, as yet unpublished, about two couples. One spends its nights in "experiments with the transfer of sexual identities in which she assumed the name of Pete and he the name of Catherine," while the other is "so deeply immersed in a dream of absolute marital unity" that the wife wishes to resemble the husband. This book was to be called "The Garden of Eden."

Yet Hemingway lived and wrote east of Eden, and, like all men, lamented the fact. Like all writers who suffer the transience of human achievement and the shocks of nonrecognition the ego is heir to, he sought a kind of permanence in love, one that would even free him from the trap of identity. All the more zealously because he believed himself deprived of that primal permanence, that absolutely unselfish love, bestowed by mothers. At first he tried to make mothers of his wives; when this failed he banished all thoughts of material protectiveness, becoming himself a protector, with a horde of children confirming his power to guard. Still, nothing could protect *him* from whatever impelled his quest, and he died – as man and artist – before his time.

These brief remarks on the significance of Hemingway's love life would have been impossible without Baker's data, so he must be credited for anything that makes it plausible. However, speculation in such brief space cannot be more than plausible; I pay him a poor compliment by reducing his labors to conjecture. But I want now to suggest how this sketch can be used to explain a vital fact about Hemingway – one we look to biography as well as criticism to comprehend. Why did the firmest, most suggestive prose style in modern American fiction disintegrate?

Conventionally, Hemingway's decline is attributed to a late development of social-consciousness; and by copiously documenting the author's concern over left-wing attacks on him in the thirties, Baker supports this classic explanation. Though undoubtedly valid, this argument has perhaps been over-emphasized. Hemingway's political sense, even at its height, was naive, and the early work adumbrates, in its depiction of Spaniards and Italians, the sentimental populism with which he is finally charged. Even in *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, love rather than socialism takes the sting from death. Baker's biographical revelations about love are truly useful, helping us to see that what Hemingway could not obtain in life he acted out in literature, with a related decline from hard-edged realism into blatant fantasy.

The early, major fiction takes its cue from Jake's final words to Brett in *The Sun Also Rises:* "Isn't it pretty to think we could have had such a damned good time together." *A Farewell to Arms* is a test of Brett's supposition, questioning the power of love to provide alternatives to war and suffering. Unfortunately, love merely exacerbates man's doomed condition, like the water that Frederick Henry throws on the burning log, designed to relieve the ants but only steaming them. That

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dour conclusion points toward a note of self-pity which keeps the second novel from being entirely moving. Despite moments of genuine pathos, *A Farewell to Arms* is too "bitter sweet." In contrast, the earlier novel faces irremediable pain with something like high spirits, which is why Cohn's solemnity makes him the villain. To want a week's casual liaison to serve as a *raison d'etre* only highlights the frailty of love as antidote to violence and absurdity; and it is highly significant that Cohn's romanticism becomes itself destructive. Sex exists in the novel as a dehumanizing force; love is powerless.

In *The Sun Also Rises* Cohn is exorcised, but he returned to write Hemingway's later novels. A Cohn-like note of hurt resentment so dominates the first of them, that Hemingway is no longer able to create memorable minor characters. In *To Have and Have Not* all secondary figures exist merely to set off the hero, whose symbolic superiority is proclaimed in proportion to his actual defects: the wounds and outlawed status. Furthermore, whereas love is an added torment in Hemingway's first novels (and in many of his best tales), it is sentimentally redemptive in *To Have and Have Not*. Thus Harry Morgan's wife brings to her husband that success which blots out worldly failure, enabling him to consider the Key West big-shots with something like smugness: "The type of man who is tapped for Bones," he muses, "is rarely also tapped for bed. . . ."

For the later Hemingway, love – like fishing, hunting, and prizefighting – is not a sacrament but a sport: bed becomes the arena; orgasm, sharpshooting. The Hemingway champ in *For Whom the Bell Tolls* is literally an earth-shaker, whose sexual triumphs even transform thought. Considering himself – appropriately, in the third person – Robert Jordan admits that:

> "His mind employed *[clichés]* without criticism. Of course they were true but it was too easy to be nimble about using them. But since last night and this afternoon his mind was much clearer and cleaner on that business. Bigotry is an odd thing. To be bigoted you have to be absolutely sure that you are right and nothing makes that surety and righteousness like continence. Continence is the foe of heresy."

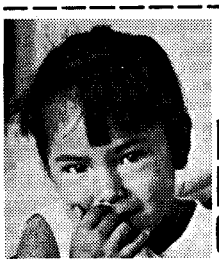
Except, of course, the heresy of self-love.

Across the River and into the Trees is memorable only for a quantitative increase in this sort of writing. Where Robert Jordan is racked by seismic fornication, Cantwell is rocked in a love-filled gondola; and where Jordan's end is mitigated by his fabulously appreciative mistress, Cantwell's last days are lightened by the devotion of a girl who combines the pleasures of a mistress with the sweetness of a daughter. Thus, the real-life search for protective love is reflected in the work by a movement of love as a sign of the self's vulnerability to love as self-aggrandizement. The need that drove the man to repeated threats of suicide drove the writer to the artistic suicide of wish-fulfillment.

Ultimately, the wish reveals its non-erotic base in the sickening adulation granted Hemingway's alter-ego by the boy Manolo in *The Old Man and the Sea*. From Brett, the unattainable and, in a sense, undesirable lover, to Renata, the lover as offspring, to Manolo, the lover fervent with youth and unhampered by sexual distinction. This permits Hemingway's last hero to posture before his audience with a self-consciousness that not even Cantwell attained: ". . . I will show him," he thinks, "what a man can do and what a man endures."

Baker shows candidly that Hemingway's magnanimity was riddled with megalomania, just as his taut stories ultimately slackened with self-love. So nearly first among American writers in his time, Hemingway could not stand to be less than first – in anything. He pushed his hurt body to even crueller tests, even when daily living was test enough; he pushed his talent into the ring with talents that were more ample and so required him to assume an inappropriate style. No wonder that so ambitious a man would demand support from those he loved, would hate his mother for not giving it, would get children as an unavoidable consequence of his search for substitute protection, and then would treat both children and wives with an imperiousness (leavened by generosity) that nobody could find easy to stand. The older he got, the more vulnerable to doubt and criticism and the more spiritually orphaned he felt, the more nearly he used his work to fulfill demands that life cannot. Until, in one awful moment, life and work coincided, creating "Papa" Hemingway, sired by himself, homemade apotheosis – at once a journalist's joke and a literary scandal.

Baker tells the outer story of Hemingway's expansion into mediocrity, and that story is so painful that we can understand the biographer's reluctance to underline this point. But if the point is honestly faced, I don't think its consequences need be demeaning;



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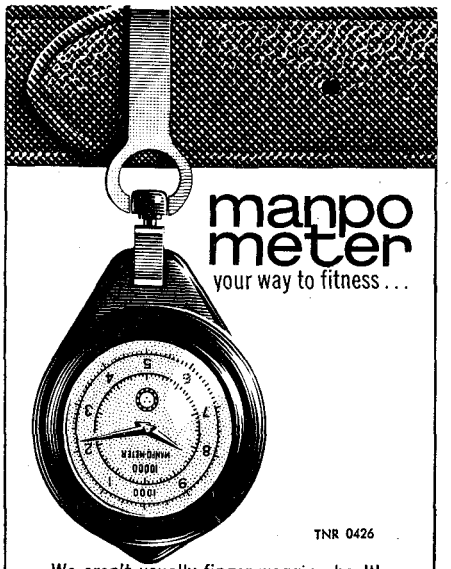

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for in its very pathos as art and self-revelation, Hemingway's later work helps us to see what he had to overcome in order to write *The Sun Also Rises,* parts of *A Farewell to Arms,* and some dozen incomparable stories.

In the greatest of those achievements, Jake pays homage to Brett:

> "She was looking into my eyes with that way she had of looking that made you wonder whether she really saw out of her own eyes. They would look on and on after every one else's eyes in the world would have stopped looking. She looked as though there were nothing on earth she would not look at like that, and really she was afraid of so many things."

Hemingway was also afraid, but he looked on after most of us have stopped; if he stopped too, it was because looking isn't easy. For a long time he found the courage not only to look but to tell what he saw in language that bravely concealed nothing. If Baker's biography can help us to remember this, then he has given us Hemingway.

The Inchworm

Writhes, rides down
on his own spit,
lets breeze twist

him so he chins,
humps, reels up it,
munching back

the vomit string.
Some drools
round his neck.

Arched into a staple
now, high on green
oak leaf he punctures

for food, what
was the point
of his act? Not

to spangle the air,
or show me his trick.
Breeze broke

his suck,
so he spit
a fraction of self's

length forth, bled
colorless from within—
to catch a balance,

glide to a knot
made with his own mouth.
Ruminant

while climbing, got
back better than bitten
leaf. Breeze

that threw
him snagged him
to a new.

MAY SWENSON

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J. Michael Crichton: Sci-Fi and Vonnegut

Slaughterhouse-Five by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.

(Delacorte; $5.95)

A look at the bookstore shelves will prove it: science fiction is coming back. After a dry period in the early sixties, people are beginning to read it again, and write it. The renewed interest has carried into other fields as well, particularly television and films: "Star Trek" gathered a vociferous and cultish following; a paperback version of "Fantastic Voyage" sold more than a million copies; Stanley Kubrick's "2001" was the most expensive science fiction film ever made.

The diehard sci-fi addict will view all this with pleasure and a grim sense of vindication, for it has traditionally been true that one cannot acceptably admit to a taste for science fiction, except among scientists or teenagers. And these two groups share a strikingly low standard of literary attainment, and a correspondingly high tolerance for mangled prose.

Certainly the new ventures in films and television represent improvements over, say, Steve McQueen fighting "The Blob," or Buzz Corry of the "Spa-a-a-ace Patrol!" But this is not to say that science fiction is any better now, as literature, than it ever was. A look at the bookstore shelves will prove this, too: the vast majority of science fiction writing is abysmal. It is perhaps paradoxical that our most technologically advanced fiction should also be the most technically inadequate. Most science fiction writers cannot put together a literate sentence; only a handful can create a reasonable character; perhaps a dozen, at most, can sustain a simple plot.

There is no good explanation for the ineptitude of science fiction, as fiction. There is a commercial explanation (that the readers will put up with this stuff); there is a historical one (that science fiction has its origins in pulp fiction). And there is another: that science fiction represents, as a form, a subordination of all fictional elements to an idea – just as detective fiction represents a subordination of all elements to plot.

Only the commercial explanation, which is really no more than a simple observation of verifiable fact, holds water; the others are demonstrably wrong. For example, nearly all fictional forms have come from pulp, or its equivalent in previous generations. The majority of "classic" authors were very popular in their day. And when one surveys the great triad of pulp writing – science fiction, westerns, and detective fiction – from the early part of this century, the results are interesting. Westerns, being closest to the heart of American mythology, have been almost entirely absorbed by the ubiquitous tube. Detectives have done well in films, less well on television; in straight fiction their standards have been raised markedly, partly because "real" authors like Conrad and Graham Greene have dabbled in the form and partly because talented writers have been drawn to it – Raymond Chandler, David Cornwall, and Georges Simenon. But science fiction has remained impervious to such influences. It is still as pulpy, and as awful, as ever.

Nor can the argument that science fiction relies upon the idea over all other elements be sustained. Jules Verne and H. G. Wells between them laid out nearly all the problems, and all the gadgetry, which have since become science fiction staples. These authors are no longer widely read, not because their ideas are wrong – indeed, to an astonishing degree they are correct – but because their prancing romanticism, their treatment of ideas, has fallen out of favor.

Much of the resurgence represents a reissue of old names and old titles, from Asimov to Van Vogt, in the kind of publishing cycle that affects all fiction. But there is also new material with new origins and different sources of popularity. And all of it gives reason to believe that science fiction is about to undergo the kind of change that affected detective fiction 20 years ago.

Things have happened. Our world is changing rapidly, and as the pace of scientific development accelerates, there is a growing public tolerance for science fiction, a sense that nothing is too fantastic to be impossible. Since new developments produce new uncertainty and flux, readers look to science fiction for views of the future – sometimes, with the utmost seriousness. A number of science fiction writers are now employed as consultants to large corporations, where they are paid to predict future trends of business.

Furthermore, the drug experience has opened a new realm for writers in all fields, but perhaps for obvious reasons, it is most easily exploited by writers of fantasy and science fiction. The Hashbury hippies made a kind of bible out of Robert Heinlein's *Stranger in a Strange Land;* Leary and the Airplane grokked sister lovers and water brothers, and in time maybe others. Other science fiction writers, such as J. G. Ballard and Roger Zelazny, have joined the druggie panoply of literary heroes, which includes that old acid-head John Barth, that old juice-freak Malcolm Lowry, W. Y. Evans-Wentz, Céline, Melville, Jorges Luis Borges, P. D. Ouspensky, and Hermann Hesse. Conspicuously absent are the old guard of the

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left wing, Huxley and Orwell; their books are found in the classroom, not the pad.

As a category, the borders of science fiction have always been poorly defined, and they are getting worse. The old distinction between science fiction and fantasy – that science fiction went from the known to the probable, and fantasy dealt with the impossible – is now wholly ignored. The new writing is heavily and unabashedly fantastical.

The breakdown is also seen in the authors themselves, who now cross the border, back and forth, with impunity. At one time this was dangerous and heretical; the only person who could consistently get away with it was Ray Bradbury. Science fiction addicts politely looked the other way when he did books such as "Dandelion Wine" and the screenplay for John Huston's "Moby Dick." It was assumed he needed the money.

Furthermore, many of the traditional science fiction preserves have been invaded by highy skilled authors, equipped to work on a very high level. Modern science stands as a vast and largely untouched reservoir of metaphor, but very recently a number of "real" authors have begun to draw upon it in various ways. One thinks immediately of Nabokov, Updike and Donleavy, and in a sloppy-effective way, Norman Mailer. (C. P. Snow, as the scientist-novelist most likely to employ the metaphors of science in the service of literature, has shown no inclination to do so, but continues to write about life in the thirteenth century.) It is inevitable that these skilled writers will destroy much of science fiction as a category, just as some of them have begun to put the sex-exploitation novel out of business by writing better novels about sex.

Invading a category is, however, much easier than leaving it. To leave the world of category fiction, with its special section in the bookstores, its special reviewers and its special readerships, is both hazardous and difficult. Witness Georges Simenon, who has had extraordinary trouble gaining acceptance in this country as anything other than a detective writer. But the transition is being attempted, with at least one notable success.

Exhibit A: Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.

When I was growing up, everybody knew damn well what Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. was. He was a science fiction writer. It said so, in the high school textbooks where his stories were reprinted. And what do you call *Player Piano* and *The Sirens of Titan* if not science fiction?

Some years ago, he began to drift, but by then there was a new category, black humor, and Vonnegut got stuck into that one. The company was a little more reputable, but the category remained. He was doing *God Bless You, Mr. Rosewater, Mother Night,* and *Cat's Cradle.* It seemed pretty blackly humorous, all right. And if he didn't have anything nasty to say about his mother, well, he'd get around to it. He was witty and he was grim, and that was enough.

However, with *Cat's Cradle* he began to get some attention. It came from varied sources: Conrad Aiken, Graham Greene, Marc Connolly and Jules Feiffer, to name a few. Greene called him one of the best living American writers. That sort of comment is guaranteed to make you an "in" writer. He was compared to Jonathan Swift.

This is not to say that he has been greeted with unrestrained enthusiasm by all critics. Reviews of his latest book, *Slaughterhouse-Five,* have dragged out the old complaints: Vonnegut is too cute, Vonnegut is precious, Vonnegut is silly.

We live in an age of great seriousness. We are accustomed to getting our art in heavy, pretentious doses. Anything funny is suspect, and anything simple is doubly suspect. Here we come to

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the second difficulty with Kurt Vonnegut. His style is effortless, naive, almost childlike. There are no big words and no complicated sentences. It is an extraordinarily difficult style, but that fact is lost on anyone who has never tried to write that way.

A funny, simple writer is in trouble nowadays. And Vonnegut doesn't make it any easier for you. He is cheerfully, exuberantly shizophrenic.

The man who wrote a book with a stated moral, "We are what we pretend to be, so we must be careful about what we pretend to be," has described himself by saying, "Imagine me as the White Rock girl, kneeling on a boulder in a nightgown, either looking for minnows or adoring my own reflection." The man who says "this is a hard world to be ludicrous in" admits "to have lived scenes from a woman's magazine" – and to have written those same scenes, in a woman's magazine.

"When you're dead, you're dead," he observes, but he also says, "My brand is Pall Mall. The authentic suicides ask for Pall Malls . . ." Of his writing, he has said, "I realize now that the two main themes of my novels were stated by my siblings: 'Here I am cleaning shit off of practically everything,' and 'No Pain.' " This statement is as true as anything a writer has said of his work; it is also the reason why Vonnegut is so difficult to accept.

He writes about the most excruciatingly painful things. His novels have attacked our deepest fears of automation and the bomb, our deepest political guilts, our fiercest hatreds and loves. Nobody else writes books on these subjects; they are inaccessible to normal novelistic approaches. But Vonnegut, armed with his schizophrenia, takes an absurd, distorted, wildly funny framework which is ultimately anaesthetic. In doing so, his science-fiction heritage is clear, but his purposes are very different: he is nearly always talking about the past, not the future. And as he proceeds, from his anaesthetic framework, to clean the shit off, we are able to cheer him on – at least for a while. But eventually we stop cheering, and stop laughing.

It is a classic sequence of reactions to any Vonnegut book. One begins smugly, enjoying the sharp wit of a compatriot as he carves up Common Foes. But the sharp wit does not stop, and sooner or later it is directed against the Wrong Targets. Finally it is directed against oneself. It is this switch in midstream, this change in affiliation, which is so disturbing. He becomes an offensive writer, because he will not choose sides, ascribing blame and penalty, identifying good guys and bad.

Mother Night, the clearest antecedent to *Slaughterhouse-Five*, begins by giving it to the Nazis. That's all right. Then Vonnegut gives it to the Jews, then the American right wing, then the left wing, then the Negroes, then the happily marrieds – and finally manages to reduce any social or political affiliation to total absurdity, while we look on with increasing horror. It is an astonishing book, very gentle and funny and quiet and totally destructive. Nobody escapes without being shown, in a polite way what an ass he is. (And interestingly, the left-wing political activists, who generally count Vonnegut among their number, all have somehow never found time to read this particular book.)

A Vonnegut book is not cute or precious. It is literally awful, for Vonnegut is one of the few writers able to lift the lid of the garbage can, and dispassionately examine the contents. In *Slaughterhouse-Five*, the author quotes his father as saying, "You never wrote a story with a villain in it." This may be true, but Vonnegut never wrote a story with a hero in it, either. In *Slaughterhouse-Five* he also says, "Nobody was ridiculous or bad or disgusting," and it is within this framework that he writes about an event that should qualify for all those adjectives – the fire-bombing of Dresden, which Vonnegut experienced as a prisoner of war in Germany.

There is every indication that this book represents, for Vonnegut, a final statement of his thoughts about this experience. He says so explicitly, just as he says the project is doomed to failure ("There is nothing intelligent to say about a massacre"). The book also brings together characters and locales from other books – Howard W. Campbell, Jr., Eliot Rosewater, and Ilium, N.Y., giving the novel a faintly anthological flavor. The book is written in the brief segmental manner he developed in *Cat's Cradle*, organized as a collection of impressions, scattered in time and space, each told with the kind of economy one associates with poetry. It is beautifully done, fluid, smooth, and powerful.

There is also some business about a distant planet and flying saucers, but that does not make the book science fiction, any more than flippers make a cat a penguin. In the final analysis the book is hideous, ghastly, murderous – and calm. There are just people, doing what people usually do to each other.

The ultimate difficulty with Vonnegut is precisely this: that he refuses to say who is wrong. The simplest way out of such a predicament is to say that everybody is wrong but the author. Any number of writers have done it, with good success. But Vonnegut refuses. He ascribes no blame, sets no penalties. His commentary on the assassination of Robert Kennedy and Martin Luther King is the same as his comment on all other deaths: "So it goes," he says, and nothing more.

One senses that underneath it all, Vonnegut is a nice man, who doesn't really like to have to say this, but . . . his description of one character might stand for all mankind in his view: "She had been given the opportunity to participate in civilization, and she had muffed it." And of himself, a comment by another character, the author-Nazi-propagandist - pornographer - American spy Howard W. Campbell, Jr. "I speak gibberish to the civilized world, and it replies in kind."

So it goes.

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Coming:
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Anatole Broyard: You Wouldn't Believe It

Bullet Park
by John Cheever
(Knopf; $5.95)

There are people who believe that when writers pass middle age their imaginative power – like their sexual energy – tends to diminish. If they are good writers, the argument runs, they have learned their craft by this time, and so their later books have a carefully disciplined, if comparatively lifeless, quality.

In his short stories over the past several years, and in his new novel, John Cheever reverses this formula. In his late fifties, he appears to be almost helplessly carried away by the flood tides of his imagination.

The parts of Cheever's talent often seem to exceed the whole. His ear for speech, his eye for significant small actions, his polish, his boldness of invention illuminate almost every page of his work – but these gifts are often lavished on stories which seem, as a whole, unfinished, inchoate, even unserious. It is as if, in doing his little numbers, in running through the catalog of his many talents, Cheever loses interest in his characters and his story. He's like a brilliant talker whose sentences are so full of inspired digression and incidental felicities that he forgets what he has set out to say. In his last collection, for example, there are at least three fine stories – *The Swimmer, The Ocean and A View of the World* – which end in a blur that is all the more unsatisfying for the remarkable precisions that have preceded it.

"A revolution of things colliding" – Wallace Stevens' phrase – would be an apt description of Cheever's vision, if one could but see the revolution, if there were some sort of progression from one condition to another. But after all the collisions, large and small, his characters are still drinking martinis, still making middleaged love every night, still catching the 8:11 in the morning, the only real difference being that they have survived the collision. And if *that* is the meaning of these stories, it is not enough, because the collisions themselves were only catalytic occasions, not great crackings in the surface of the human condition.

The plot of *Bullet Park* deserves to be called Gothic, with all the reservations that term implies. Eliot Nailles, mouthwash salesman and uxorious husband, meets Paul Hammer, a newcomer to his town, and the accident of their names instantly links their fates. Though Nailles is normal almost to the point of caricature, his son is stricken with hysterical paralysis and cured by a self-styled swami hired by father. While she seems to love him, Nailles' wife is prevented from betraying him with three different men only by three separate acts of God: a fire, indigestion and Nailles' being home with a cold. Nailles is no better off, for all his normalcy: he develops train phobia and buys unidentified tranquilizers from a mysterious pusher whom he meets in public rest rooms and cemeteries.

Paul Hammer is born out of wedlock and his name is derived from the circumstance of a handy man walking by with a hammer. Hammer's father lifted weights and developed such a remarkable physique that, when he travelled in Europe, sculptors used him as a model for the figures on the facades of some of the Continent's best-known hotels. And Cheever does not hesitate to have Hammer stumble over these figures – still standing, or lying in bomb craters – when it is his turn to go abroad.

Hammer's mother has complicated musical dreams in which airplane engines play Bach and Handel. She lives in Kitzbuhel, and says that if she were to go back to the US, she'd settle in Bullet Park and "crucify" someone whose life was less idiosyncratic than hers, i.e., a conformist.

This is what Hammer ultimately tries to do, but first he wanders about taking planes from here to there for no apparent reason (other than Cheever's passion for place-dropping), falling inexplicably in love with women, men, children and dogs. He suffers from a feeling of anxiety – a "cafard" – which can only be cured by inhabiting a yel-

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low room he happens to see in Italy. When he tries to rent this therapeutic room, the tenant refuses to move. Falling back on his flying tic, he goes back to America, where, miraculously, he happens upon another such room. This tenant also refuses to decamp, but she is conveniently – or cavalierly – killed in a highway accident.

Happy in his yellow room, Hammer resumes his translation of the poetry of Montale. But his peace is soon disturbed by Marietta, a neighbor he falls for and marries. The honeymoon is short-lived: Hammer discovers that Marietta's moods are always the inverse of the weather or the political climate. Thunderstorms and assassinations turn her tender; blue skies and prosperity bring out the bitch in her.

With no discernible motive – except his mother's fantasy – Hammer moves to Bullet Park and sets about kidnapping Nailles' teen-age son, whom he proposes to set afire on the altar of the local church. Nailles, however, is warned by the swami, in whom Hammer has unwisely confided, and he cuts the church door down with his chain saw in the nick of time. Hammer then goes to an insane asylum and Nailles goes back to his everyday life, which is "as wonderful, wonderful, wonderful as it had been."

It is necessary to summarize the plot to this extent because no one would believe it of a writer as talented and sophisticated as Cheever. On almost every page, someone is doing something highly improbable for a remarkably obscure reason. The wildest turns of events are wantonly invoked simply to move a character from one mood to another, or to bring two people a half-step closer together. Dreams, visions, insanity, religious mania, sexual obsession – Cheever's palette seems to have nothing but screaming colors.

Minor characters who appear and disappear in the space of a few pages all have Pinter-like set speeches, center stage. Ordinary men and women ruminate poetically on philosophical or eschatological questions. People not only try to murder each other: they are killed by cars, trains, even, in one instance, castration fear. The book abounds in coincidences that would make Dickens blush. Blind passion and impulse are forever bursting the buttons or flies of Brooks Brothers suits.

In a peculiar way, Cheever seems to be championing exurbanites, who, he claims, all cultivate a more riotous garden than city slickers imagine. Under Thoreau's quiet desperation lies a different desperation, which turns each fake Colonial into an asylum, a temple of love or hate. It's as though Cheever is saying to New Yorkers, we're even wilder than you are; we live out here not in search of a pastoral peace, but because we need more room for our dervish evolutions; we need more intimate contact for our outrageous occasions. Everyone is secretly smoldering like a barbecue. Bullet Park is an emotional nudist colony, a cult or commune dedicated to eccentric sexual or religious practices.

Cheever's arbitrary manipulation of his characters betrays a deep contempt for – or at least a disinterest in – people's manifest motives and concerns; these, he seems to be saying, are hopelessly prosaic, not worth writing down. Or perhaps he regards them as mere screens, or rationalizations.

He is determined to be surprising or original, even at the cost of incredulity. *Bullet Park* is almost a morality play in which supernatural agents determine everyone's fate. But in morality plays, you at least had a general scheme – a morality – which helped you grasp the meaning. Cheever's book is like a bottle party where you have to bring your own.

Notes on Contributors

ALEKSANDAR NEJGEBAUER *teaches English and American literature at the University of Novy Sad in Yugoslavia. He recently spent a year in the US as a Fulbright scholar.* STEPHEN KOCH *teaches English at the State University of New York at Stony Brook, Long Island.* CHARLES THOMAS SAMUELS *teaches English at Williams College.* J. MICHAEL CRICHTON *is the author of the forthcoming novel,* The Andromeda Strain. ANATOLE BROYARD *has published fiction and criticism in numerous journals.* JOSEPH EPSTEIN *is an editor of the* Encyclopeadia Britannica.

Joseph Epstein: Toward A Mass Elite

Red, White, and Blue
by John William Ward

(Oxford; $7.50)

America is peculiar among nations in being more carefully and subtly studied by foreigners (Crèvecoeur, Tocqueville, Bryce, Santayana) than by its own historians and social analysts. Simply living in this country for any length of time apparently renders any overarching view impossible, for next after foreigners the most acute observers of American life have been our self-exiles. To get at America evidently requires getting away from it. Our greatest exile, Henry James, offered, in *The American Scene*, what is still the best one-sentence appraisal: "The very *donnée* of the piece could be given, the subject formulated: the great adventure of a society reaching out into the apparent void for the amenities, the consummations, after having earnestly gathered in so many of the preparations and necessities."

More than six decades later, and after laying in even greater stores of preparations and necessities, "the amenities, the consummations" are still absent. We seem perennially on the make yet never really making it; always becoming, never simply being. The national taste runs more to renewal than to maturity, and in consequence America seems more confused – and confusing – than ever. Is our national character most accurately reflected in the barbarities of Vietnam, or in the thousands of acts of unmotivated kindliness of which Americans are still capable? It is reflected in both, it appears; for it can be said of us that we are simultaneously innocent and corrupt, kindly and vicious, generous and mean, de-

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cent and brutal. What all these years has been called "the American way of life" may amount to nothing more than national schizophrenia.

Although it nowhere states the matter so explicitly, the impression of such schizophrenia is enhanced by a reading of *Red, White, and Blue*, John William Ward's essays on American culture. Professor Ward teaches American studies at Amherst, and his approach to his subject is that of the cultural historian. He examines as far as he can the whole of our culture rather than concentrating on any single part of it. When he does focus on a single act, event, book, idea, he does so with the hope of determining its larger meaning for the general culture. He is a great admirer of Bronislaw Malinowski, the functional anthropologist, whose influence leads to Ward's being less interested in judging American life, or in imposing a pattern on our history, than in seeking to understand why things happen as they do and to discover what, at various times in our history, American reality has been.

Ward's essay on James Gould Cozzens provides an example of the way he works. Mindful of Cozzens' qualities as a writer, Ward's first interest is in why, after a 30-year career as a novelist, Cozzens first gained wide popularity in America only in the 1950's. "Literary fashions," he says, ". . . indicate states of mind." He concludes that Cozzens' conservatism, with its emphasis on men's acknowledgment of their limitations before they can hope to surmount them, only first appealed to Americans in the decade of Korea, Joseph McCarthy, Eisenhower and Dulles, economic recession, and the relentless effects of the cold war; hardly a decade to remind a nation of its boundless possibilities for greatness. History, Professor Ward remarks, had caught up with Cozzens because, in a more significant sense, it had caught up with the American people.

Along with the essay on Cozzens and another on the methods of the cultural historian, *Red, White, and Blue* gives us Ward's thoughts on James Fenimore Cooper, Harriet Beecher Stowe, E. H. Howe, Benjamin Franklin, Charles Lindbergh, John F. Kennedy; on the jurist and political theorist Frederick Grimke, the landscape architect Andrew Jackson Downing, and the founding editor of *The New Republic*, Herbert Croly. There are also reflections on freedom, on the role of the intellectual, on the modern university. The essays range in quality from the very thin piece on Kennedy to an extremely perceptive one on Croly. But the keystone which locks together the rest and gives the book whatever unity it has, is the piece on "The Ideal of Individualism and the Reality of Organization." It is Ward at his fluent best and of America at its most schizophrenic.

Ward begins with Tocqueville, who in effect invented the word "individualism" out of his need to describe the social philosophy of America in the Jacksonian 1830's. The prevalent spirit of America was dominated, Tocqueville thought, by men who felt "they owe nothing to any man, they expect nothing from any man, they acquire the habit of always considering themselves as standing alone, and they are apt to imagine that their whole destiny is in their own hands." (Around this same time Emerson noted in his journals: "In all my lectures, I have taught one doctrine, namely, the infinitude of the private man.") As a European, and hence one who found it hard to conceive of life outside society, Tocqueville had considerably less confidence in the resources of the private man. He believed that the tendency of our democracy was to throw the American "back forever upon himself alone and threatens in the end to confine him within the solitude of his own heart." Tocqueville gets high marks for prophecy, but the Emersonian spirit nonetheless prevailed.

Through the nineteenth century the concept of individualism flourished and was asked to turn some very extraordinary tricks. Jay Gould and the Robber Barons were, after all, only acting out the national ethos. The style of Andrew Carnegie and the Gospel of Wealth, the doctrine whereby the very wealthy, by sole virtue of their wealth, were viewed as the unimpeachable trustees for all of society, were nearly direct outgrowths of individualism. A concept which began as an equalitarian ideal had also, as Richard Hofstadter said, "unleashed in the nation an entrepreneurial zeal probably without precedent in history."

The rub came with the advent of the machine and large-scale industry at the end of the nineteenth century. Industrialism meant organization, and the goal of organization, as Professor Ward writes, "means the death of the ideal of the free, primary, autonomous person standing alone, aloof from involvement with his fellows, heroically self-sufficient." Could that aging lady, individualism, be asked to crawl into bed with the sleek young gent, American industrialism? The lady was never asked – she was pushed. America charged ahead with ever increasing industrial organization, all the while insisting on the dignity, the ascendancy, the absolute primacy of the individual. But in any serious conflict between industrial efficiency and the individual, one need hardly ask who would lose. Individualism, meanwhile, took on a new definition. "This," President Eisenhower announced in the 50's, "is the age of the individual. . . . There is no limit . . . to the temporal goals we set ourselves – as free individuals joined in a team with our fellows."

Was Emerson's infinitude of private man meant to end, as Eisenhower's sense of individualism would seem to imply, somewhere in middle-management at General Dynamics? Professor Ward thinks not. He thinks that the true goal of American individualism has been nothing less than a mass elite. "In all its outrageous innocence," he remarks at the end of his essay, "this is what America has asked for from the beginning – sufficient individual character to control the realities of society. It may be impossible if we decide so beforehand."

Throughout this collection, in a quiet voice supported by substantial learning, Professor Ward points up the contradictions in American life. When Henry James returned to America more than 60 years ago he noted, with a certain authorial glee: "Never would there be such a chance to see how the short-cut works, and if there be really any substitute for roundabout experience, for troublesome history, for the long, the immitigable process of time." Few pages in *Red, White, and Blue* fail to make clear that for America there are to be no substitutes, no shortcuts whatsoever.

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Correspondence

New York School Strike

Sirs:

Joseph Featherstone's article ("Community Control of Schools," March 29) contains one serious misreading of my book (*The Teachers' Strike*), one misstatement with related confusion, and one piece of protestable unkindness.

The misreading is in Featherstone's claim that I consider Mr. McCoy the "villain" of the teachers' strikes, which I don't. The confrontation staged by the public dismissal of the teachers was, I think, blameworthy, as all attempts to make public policy by *coups de théâtre* are blameworthy. But the villains of the book are the people in the Board of Education, the city administration and the Ford Foundation who did not impose upon the producers of the play the arbitration or mediation which would have rung down the curtain almost painlessly. The union accepted both (it was not until the third strike, which was the really damaging one, that the UFT went after confrontation); and mediation was actually accepted once by a majority of the Ocean Hill governing board, though nobody on the outside knew about it until my article was published. Mr. McCoy had been driven near distraction, and his actions can be excused; but the actions of the people who were supposed to be maintaining the public interest cannot be excused.

The misstatement in Mr. Featherstone's article is that I support an "inference" that Mr. McCoy had not asked for the informal transfer out of the teachers by the fact that no written evidence of such a request exists. I support it also by reporting that Mr. McCoy flatly said to me and to others (among them, incidentally, Marilyn Gittel of Queens College), that he had made no such request. Several members of the governing board, on the other hand, told me that Mr. McCoy "swore" to them that he had specifically requested the transfer out of the nineteen individuals. Mr. Featherstone then confuses the question by quoting Mr. Oliver's statement that "we were talking about hundreds of teachers." But in fact the "personnel committee" of the board had brought in a recommendation on nineteen, not on "hundreds." There is simply no question that the parent members of the governing board who voted to oust the nineteen believed Mr. McCoy had specifically asked for their transfer out and been refused.

The unkindness is the accusation of "triviality" in the analysis, resting in part, apparently, on the "serious question Mayer skims over, the professionalization of American life." This is not a worry Mr. Featherstone has expressed before – indeed, he has been enthusiastic about entirely professional ventures like the Leicestershire situation in England, which could not have been sold to that community in advance by the most skilled hucksters of commerce. In my book, though, Mr. Featherstone found a comment that "our problems in education are merely a special case of the root problem of politics in a modern society: the control of professional performance." Skimming over is not, I think, a correct description of such a statement.

What little analysis there is in the book is devoted to the argument that "community control" as Ford promotes it is necessarily a barney, because the representatives of the "community" will always be controlled by the sources of their information, which will almost always be the professional staff. If there's one thing Ocean Hill wasn't, it's "community control." As a very militant Negro leader in Philadelphia said, as part of his dislike for me and my book, "All of us knew that McCoy was managing that situation very tightly." But it was part of the luxury of Mr. McCoy's situation that when anyone didn't like what he was doing, he could blame his board – just as a more conventionally situated district superintendent can blame "110 Livingston Street." It doesn't mean in either case that the parties blamed have ever been consulted. I can give Mr. Featherstone chapter and verse, if he wants them.

Martin Mayer

In reply . . .

I didn't misread Mr. Mayer. To my thinking his book errs seriously in balance and emphasis. He focuses on the behavior and character of Mr. McCoy and all those "militants" in Ocean Hill who were supposedly thirsting for a confrontation. It is therefore puzzling to learn that real villains were the Ford Foundation, the Board of Education, and Mayor Lindsay – figures who don't play all that big a role in the narrative. And were they the villains? The idea that the Ford Foundation had much influence over the people in Ocean Hill strikes me as silly. There was a good deal of bungling on the part of the city Board of Education and the school bureaucracy (whose role in all this Mr. Mayer slights). Mayor Lindsay and his appointees to the Board also earned a rebuke for ham-handedness – the mayor's inability to deal with organized labor hasn't helped any – but it is to their credit that they at least recognized the importance of the crisis of confidence in the schools in the black and Puerto Rican communities.

On the second point: Mr. McCoy probably didn't request specific transfers. All I meant was that the evidence on his intentions is unclear. Given the murky procedures of the school bureaucracy, there is a possibility that a serious misunderstanding was involved. I quoted the Rev. Oliver, because his statement indicates that there were larger and more serious issues involved than the specific nineteen dismissals (which I don't defend). Ocean Hill was supposed to be a venture in community control, and yet the local board was completely frustrated in its attempts to make decisions about personnel. Mr.

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Mayer's chronicle here, as elsewhere, spreads a layer of niggling detail over fundamental questions.

Which brings me to the charge that his book is trivial. "What little analysis there is in the book" does raise the central issues – control of professionals, accountability, the failures of most of the institutions dealing with the urban poor, and so on – but Mr. Mayer brushes them all away with a few sweeps of his hand. Although he says he favors decentralization with substantial budgetary and personnel powers for local districts, the effect of his book is to discredit the Ocean Hill experiment and the movement for decentralization. Yet today no other possibilities for school reform exist in New York.

The English schools I admire are run by professionals. One of their great weaknesses is their remoteness from the people they serve, especially the poor. The English know more than we do about teaching in the early years of school, but they are way behind us in trying to figure out how to make school less alien to poor and black people.

Joseph Featherstone

Whose University?

Sirs:

Concerning the issue of student disruptions vis-a-vis academic freedom, Michael Miles' "Whose University?" (April 12) is so unenlightened as to be utterly opaque. He writes:

> "Faculty often claim that 'free inquiry' is threatened by student strikes and campus disruptions, but the temporary closing of a university and such disruption of classes as has taken place have not been directed against particular forms of inquiry. Except in the case of war research (hardly an academic field of inquiry), disruptions have not been selective against points of view . . . The object of these disruptions is . . . to effect changes in [the university]."

There is nothing mysterious about what faculty members believe threatened, namely, academic freedom. And academic freedom extends beyond free inquiry. It is the right of professionally qualified persons to inquire into, discover, interpret, publish, and teach the truth as they see it within the field of their competence, without being pressured, penalized, or otherwise molested by authorities or other persons within or without their institutions of learning. Thus informed, Mr. Miles should be able to recognize that student disruption of classes quite plainly does interfere with the teachers' right to teach the truth as they see it; and that disruption therefore sometimes also interferes with their (parasitical) right to have their insights and theories tested by the rational criticism of their students. (I also point out that the students' correlative right to be taught by unconstrained and unhampered teachers is violated by disruption of classes.)

Whether or not academic freedom (or, more narrowly, free inquiry) is interfered with is not a matter of whether or not student disruption of classes is directed against "particular forms of inquiry" but of whether or not the particular disruptions do or do not hinder or obstruct those who teach. . . .

Robert Hoffman
Kent State University

Sirs:

Michael Miles' "Whose University?" was an uncanny piece of prediction. Harvard, like the *deus ex machina* it is, conveniently handed him the best compliment any journalist could hope for: an almost sentence-by-sentence confirmation of his "view from the other side of the fence."

With hundreds of others in the Yard that Wednesday afternoon, I witnessed the very serene and gradual take-over of University Hall. We heard the squeeking bull-horn harangues. It was an April carnival atmosphere. Balloons, red SDS flags, Beatle music from Weld Hall nextdoor, endless speeches by everyone, and matrons with their dogs and children were mingling with the pamphleteers and strolling pickets. Later that evening, I heard the Harvard radio coverage of what was going on inside University Hall, and eventually – and more spectacularly – WHRB's inside blow-by-blow account of the violent police bust at 5 a.m.

I attended the round of meetings and rallies on Thursday and Friday, but Mr. Miles' prediction about the whole affair was really confirmed by the emergency meeting of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences in the Loeb Drama Center that Friday at two. WHRB's airing of the 3¾-hour faculty meeting *twice*, with the OK of the faculty, is a tribute to both the faculty and an excellent radio station.

My point is, however, that the broadcast made clear that Mr. Miles wrote the script and even the whispers and asides. He also did the casting.

K. N. Richwine
Boston, Mass.

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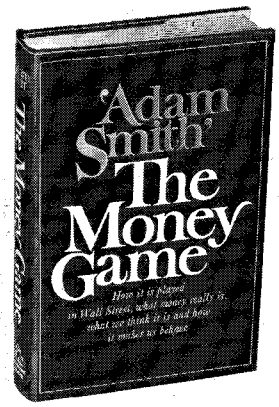

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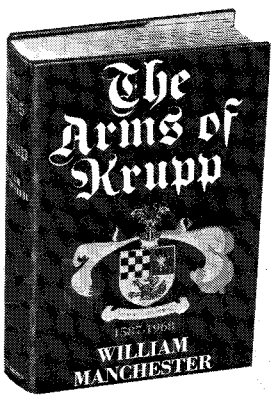

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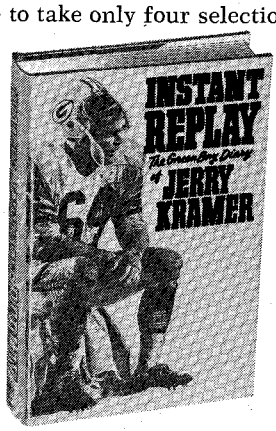

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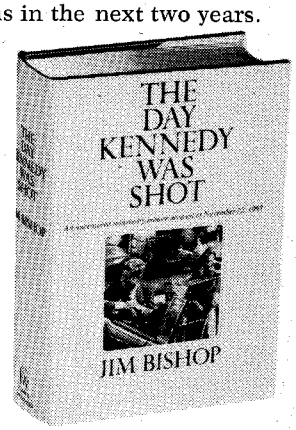

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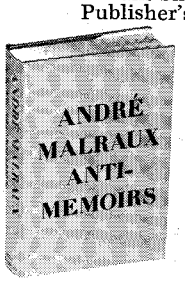

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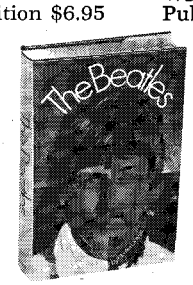

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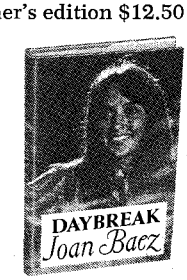

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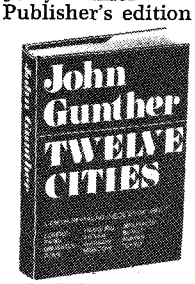

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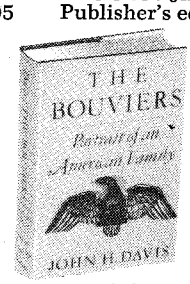

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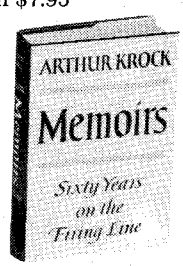

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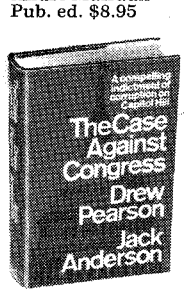

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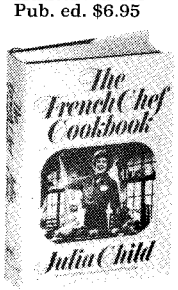

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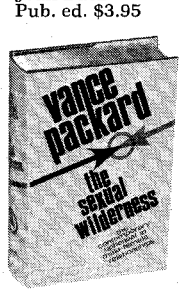

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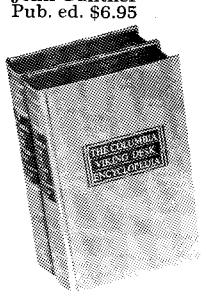

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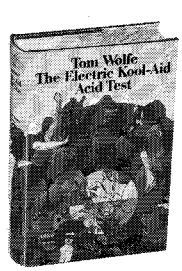

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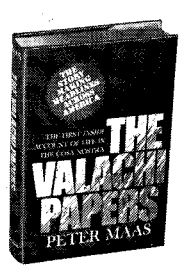

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